SAIDI Adam Younes

Fitra

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الآراء الواردة في الكتاب لا تعبر بالضرورة عن رأي الناشر

قصة/ فطـــرة

سعيدي آدم يونس

إن أصبت فمن الله وإن أخطأت فمن نفسي والشيطان وما توفيقي إلا بالله العلي العظيم

Dedication

Praise be to Allah, who granted letters their meaning, who planted in the heart the pulse of wisdom, and who blessed the path for those who walk it with sincere intentions and steadfast faith.

To my father, who instilled in my soul a love for words and the virtue of sincere giving.

And to my mother, whose prayers have been my ladder, whose patience my support, and whose tenderness my warmth through all the seasons of life.

I offer this work to you both, as a token of loyalty that can never be repaid, and gratitude that knows no limits.

And to Professor Adra Bouyounes,

Director of Hipporeguis Publishing House,

who believed in the power of the word even before it was born of letters .

With my deepest greetings and heartfelt appreciation.

Introduction

In an age brimming with noise, confusion, and restless souls, people search for meaning, for tranquility, and for a path where neither loss nor destruction awaits them.

This book emerges to whisper an honest word to your heart and to lead you gently towards the path of contemplation, into the depths of heart and mind, awakening questions long hidden in the shadows.

This is not a conventional story. Rather, it is a journey inward,a conflict between doubt and certainty, between the inner voice and the ultimate truth.

It is an invitation to reflect, to return, to question, and to seek sincerely for the path,the path where those who walk in the light are never lost, and those who follow the traces of truth are never destroyed.

This book speaks when the chest feels tight, when the mind grows perplexed, and when the soul yearns for its Creator. It is a call to contemplation, not a claim to knowledge.

The Messenger of Allah (peace and blessings be upon him) said:

“Trials (fitan) will be presented to the hearts like a mat, one straw after another. Any heart that absorbs them will have a black dot placed in it, and any heart that rejects them will have a white dot placed in it. This continues until there are two types of hearts:

One is white and pure like a smooth stone; it will not be harmed by any trial so long as the heavens and the earth remain.

The other is black and dusty, like an upside-down vessel; it neither recognizes good nor rejects evil, except what suits its desires.”

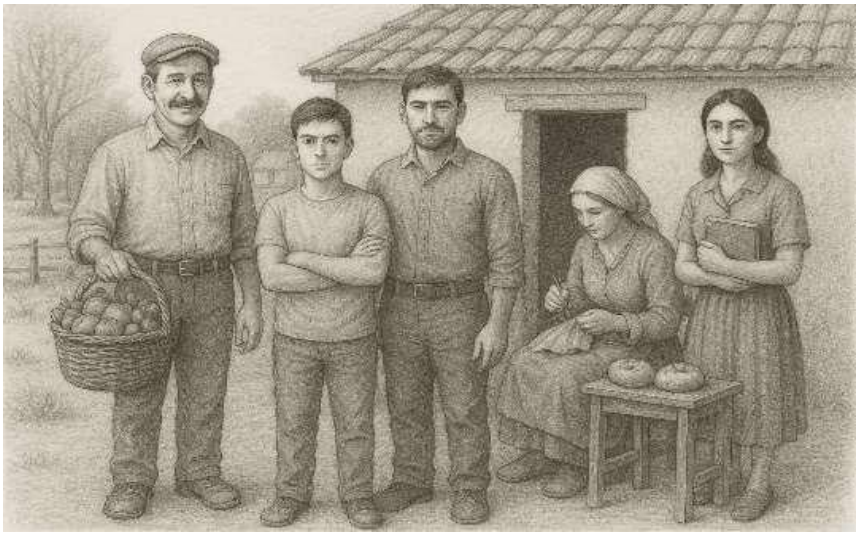
“Indeed, what is lawful is clear, and what is unlawful is clear, and between them are doubtful matters which many people do not know. So whoever avoids the doubtful matters protects his religion and his honor. And whoever falls into doubtful matters has fallen into the unlawful, like a shepherd who grazes near a private sanctuary, he is likely to cross into it.

Truly, every king has a sanctuary, and truly the sanctuary of Allah is His prohibitions. Verily, in the body there is a piece of flesh, if it is sound, the whole body is sound, and if it is corrupt, the whole body is corrupt. Truly, it is the heart.”

Chapter One: Quiet Childhood Memories

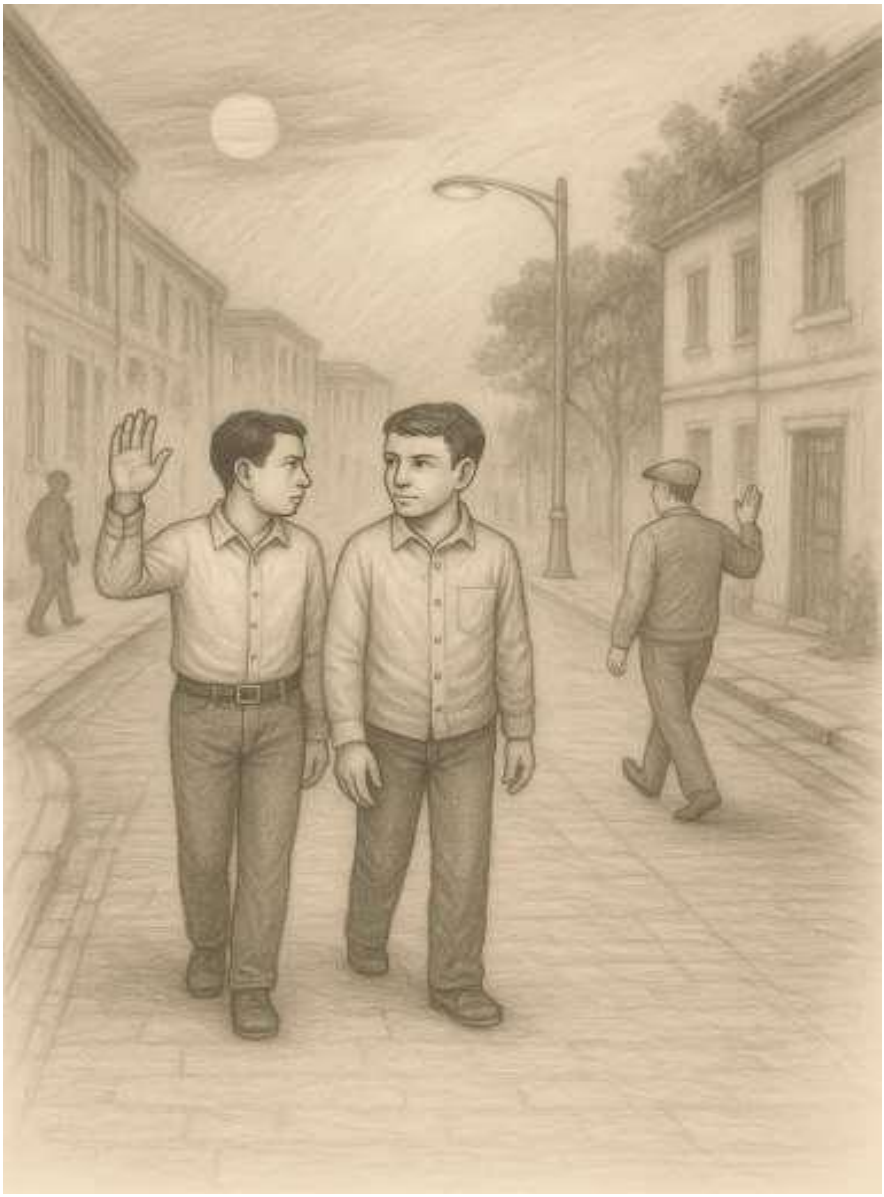
I was born in a modest house located in a small village.
I was raised within a close-knit family of five.
My father owns a small grocery store in our village, known to all and visited by everyone every morning.
My mother works at home. She is skilled at sewing clothes to order, and she also makes various types of cakes that my father takes to sell to café owners and in the local market.
I have a sister older than me, who has completed her high school studies. I am currently a university student, performing well in my studies.
I also have a brother, older than my sister. He left school early but has never ceased working or striving. He owns a farm on the outskirts of the village, with a small house nestled among the fields. Every morning, he rises early to tend the soil and water the flowers. Each evening, my father returns home carrying a basket brimming with vegetables and fruits.

And time passes…



On holidays, I spend my mornings with my friends in the neighborhood, and in the evenings, I help my father at the shop.
On other days, I spend most of my time at high school.
I leave school late in the evening, returning home with a classmate who lives in our neighborhood.
We walk at a calm pace, greeting those we know along the way.
At the end of the street, we part ways,he turns to bid me farewell, and I return the gesture before continuing on my way.
I walk alone back home, lost in thought about many things.
Sometimes I enter the house with a smile on my face, and other times my face is expressionless.
I say, 'Mom, I’m back, and I’m tired and hungry.'
I head to the kitchen, grab a glass of milk and a piece of bread, then put my backpack in the closet.
I turn on the TV and try to relax a bit after a long day.

And time passes…



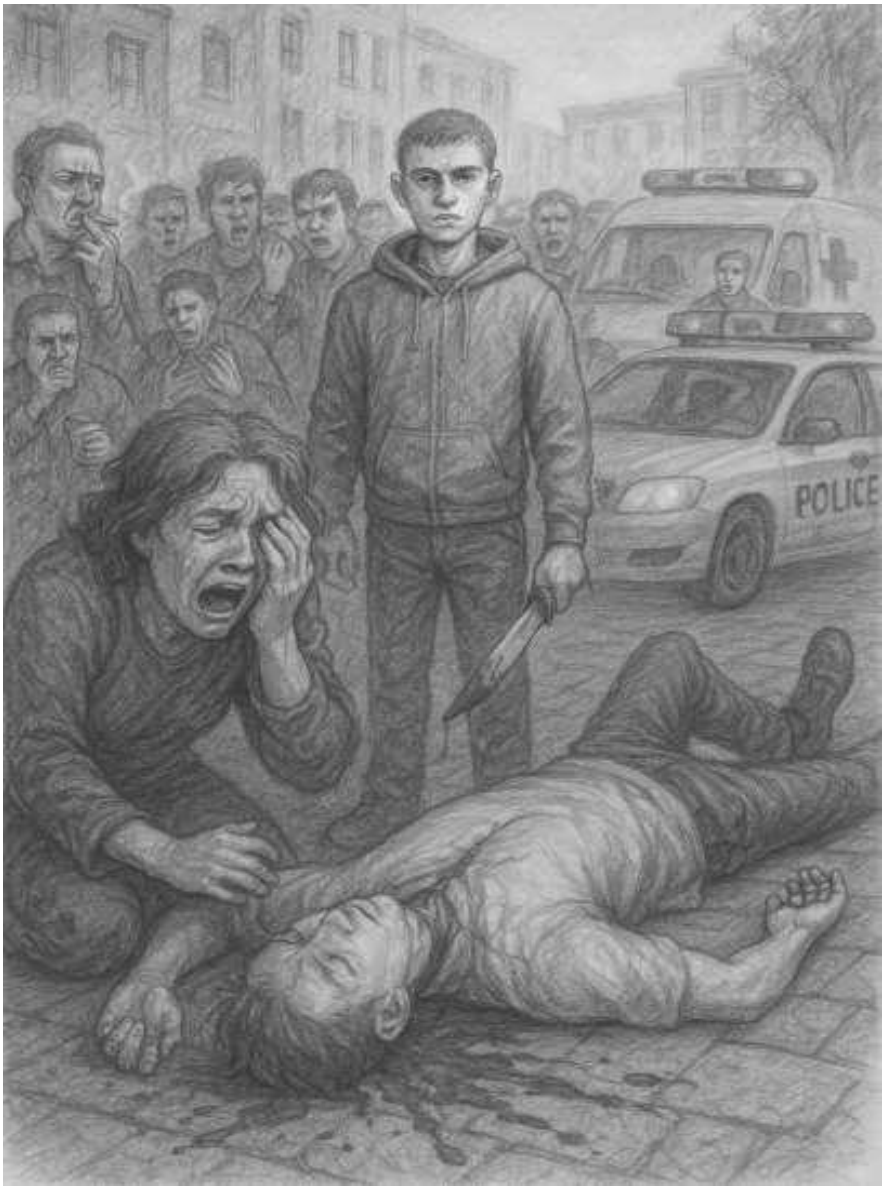
Chapter 2: From Morning Drizzle to Evening Bleeding

I wake up in the morning and head to my classmate’s house so we can go together to high school.
Raindrops fall from the sky, mixing with the soil that covers the ground.
A fragrant scent rises,captivating the soul and drawing it in.
In a corner of the neighborhood, an elderly man sits, repeating: 'O Allah, grant us beneficial rain.'
We walk together, discussing the thoughts that swirl in our childlike minds,
thoughts tied to what we see on television, the games we play, and our teacher, whom we imagine as a wild creature.
We reach the school, enter through the large gate, then part ways as I head toward the courtyard.
In one corner, a student stands silently, while nearby the school principal is speaking with a parent.
Some students are laughing, others are playing, and some are arguing.
Among the girls, some have their hair uncovered, others wear the hijab, each dressed in a different style.

And time passes…

I left the house on foot, heading toward one of the public squares.
Some people were holding cigarettes and smoking, while others held cups of coffee.
The faces were pale, and screams filled the place.
Suddenly, a violent fight broke out between two young men, their faces showing signs of intense anger.
Everyone tried to intervene and break up the fight, but one of them pulled out a knife as long as an arm.
I felt a deep anxiety pushing me to watch what would happen, while another feeling urged me to step in and stop the fight, so I sat down, thinking.
People backed away from them, and the young man raised the knife and stabbed the other in the neck.
He collapsed to the ground, his blood spraying in all directions.
The mother's screams filled the place, and her tears flowed like her son's blood. She rushed to him and slapped her face in horror at what she saw.
People gathered around the killer, who surrendered calmly, his eyes bulging as if he didn't realize he had committed the crime.
Two vehicles arrived: one ambulance that carried the victim, and a police car that took the killer away.

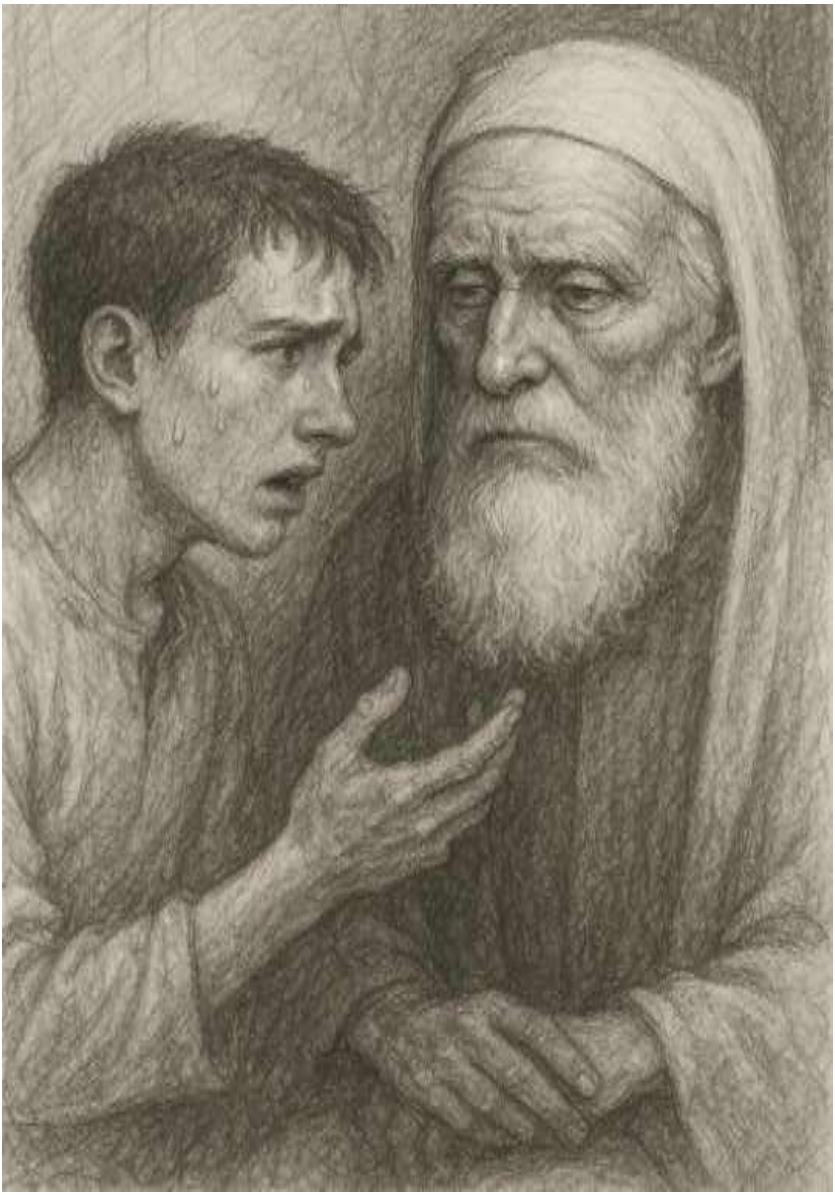
And time passes…


POLICE

Chapter 3: Seconds destroy what was built in years

I went to the neighborhood sheikh, my face drenched in sweat and my body trembling.
I said, “Where did the young man go? Is it all over? What drove him to do this?”
The sheikh answered me with a cold face, weary eyes, purplish lips, a beard white as snow, and wrinkled skin.
He said, “The body remained on the ground, and the soul ascended to the sky.”
“A few seconds, my son, can destroy what took years to build.”
“Pray for mercy and forgiveness for the deceased, and for guidance and repentance for the killer.”
My eyes welled up with tears, and I said, “If the reason were known, the wonder would cease, sheikh.”
I kissed his forehead, and those in the square dispersed. The blood still stained the ground. Then I returned home.
My mother was in the kitchen and my father beside her. We gathered, as usual, around the dinner table.
My father sat next to my brother, and my mother sat across from my sister, and I sat in between the two groups.

And time passes…



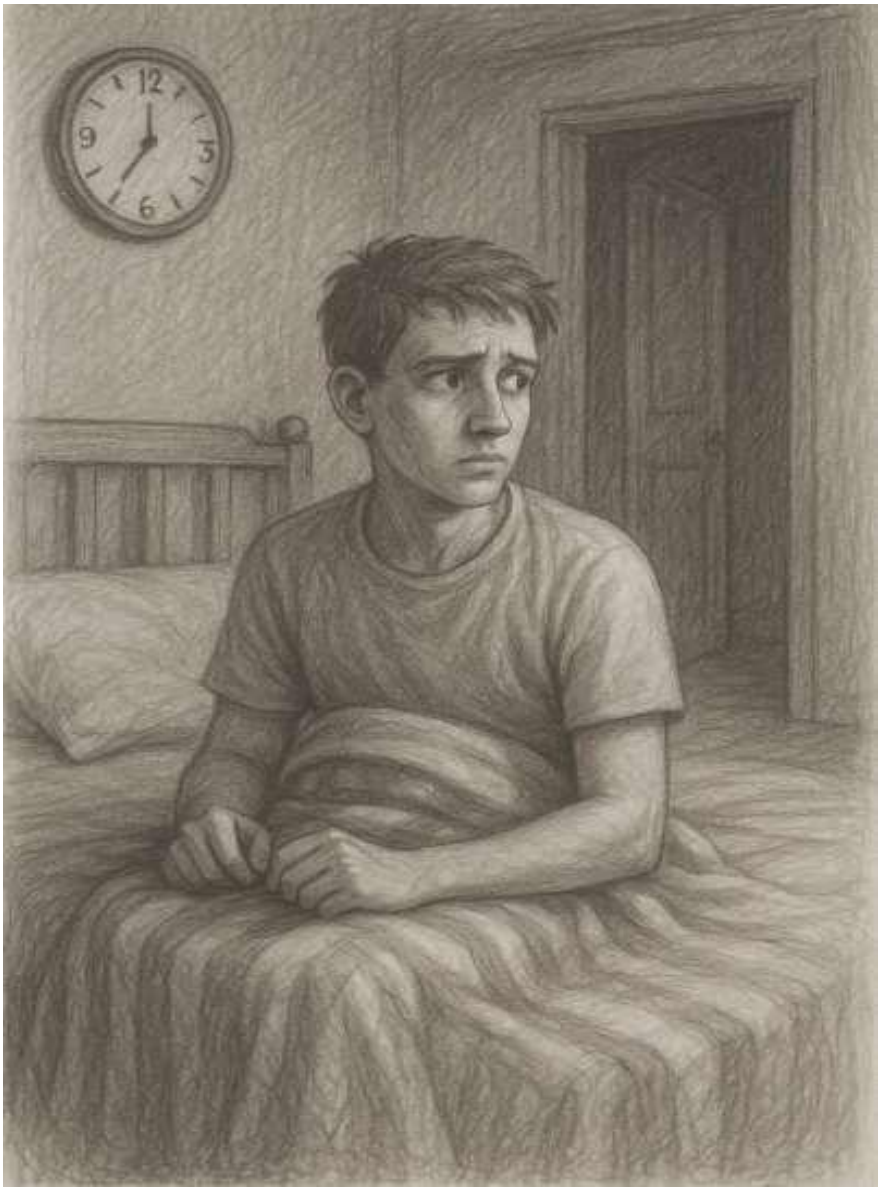
A week has passed since the murder I witnessed with my own eyes.
I sit in my room, reviewing my math lessons.
On that day, my brother takes my sister with him to help him at his farm.
Suddenly, someone knocks on the door with unfamiliar, urgent knocks.
My mother opens the door, and screams erupt throughout the house. I rush to the door, and find our neighbor crying and shouting:
“They stole my gold! They stole my gold!” she repeats, as tears stream down her cheeks like a flood.
My father arrives, and my mother tells him what happened. They all head to the police station, and I return to my room, thinking about what just occurred.
The clock strikes midnight, and no one has returned home. I turn off the lights and lie in bed, trying to sleep.
The darkness is deep, and someone is chasing me,with a knife in his hand. I grab a rock from the ground,
turn toward him, and throw it at him. Then, suddenly, I fall out of bed.
I wake up in terror, sweat pouring from my forehead, and find myself holding a glass in my hand.

And time passes…

Chapter 4: From Nightmares to Reality's Nightmares

It was a disturbing dream. I head to the bathroom and wash my face, trying to rid myself of its lingering effects.
I return to bed and try to sleep again. The sound of my heartbeat rivals the ticking of the clock hanging in the room.
I feel like I'm not alone. A strange sensation follows me whenever I'm by myself, my body hair stands on end from fear.
On ordinary days, the hours of sleep pass like minutes, but tonight, each minute feels like long, dragging hours.
What is happening to my body?! The room doesn't change, day or night, and I'm not a little child. Everyone will return,just one night, and it will pass like the others.
I whisper these words to myself, and for a few minutes, I feel calm. Then, the fear returns once more.
I rise from bed and turn on the lights. I sit in silence, staring around the room. Suddenly, someone knocks on the front door.
I walk to open it, a smile on my face that carries the feeling of freedom. My father and mother enter, exhausted, and head straight to their room to sleep.
I go back to my room and lie down again. Darkness, solitude, and silence fill the space, but this time, I no longer feel afraid.
Eight o'clock strikes in the morning. I wake up and head to the kitchen. My mother and father are speaking, clear signs of exhaustion written on their faces.

And time passes…



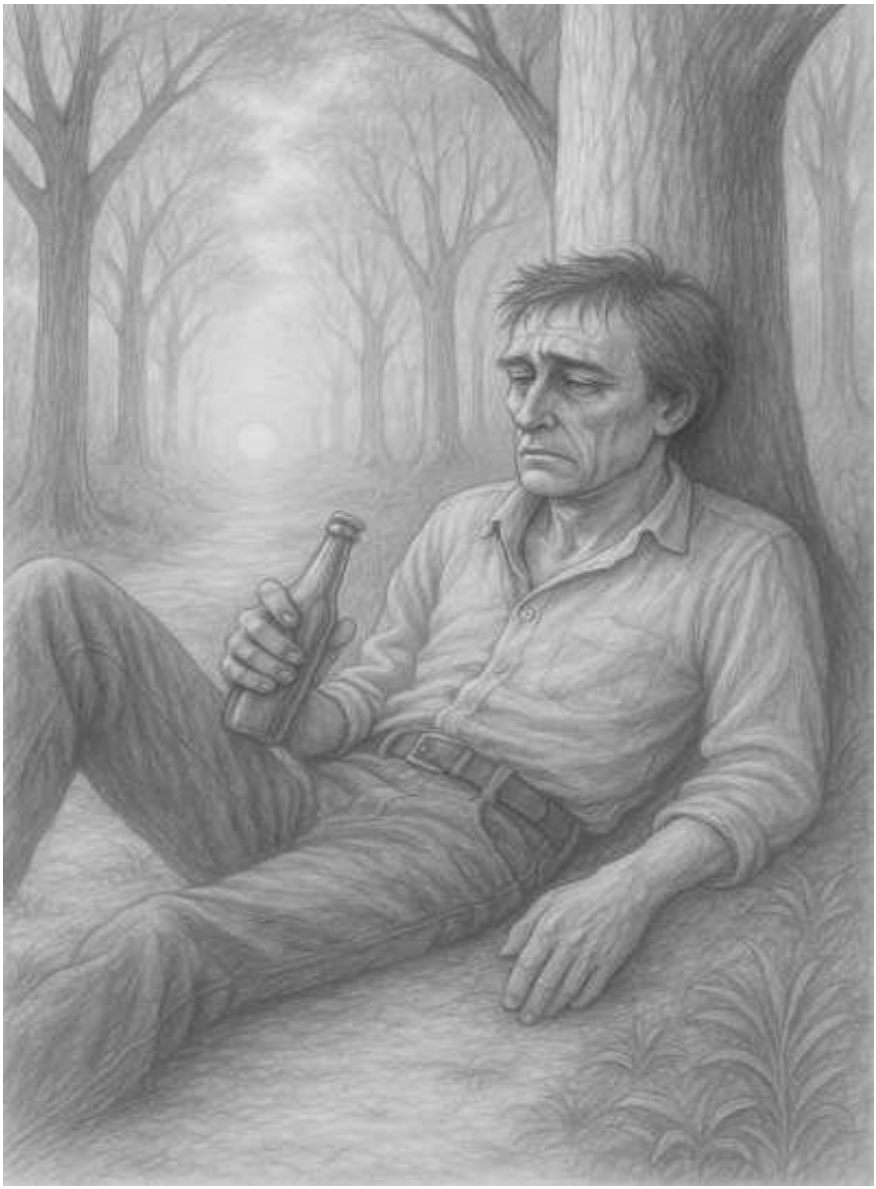
I call my friend and tell him I want to take a walk in the forest outside the village. He agrees, so I pack my bag after filling it with food.
I leave the house and meet my friend, who is carrying a tent and some gear on his back. We walk toward the forest with calm steps.
We reach the forest, set up the tent, and begin wandering, gazing in admiration at the towering trees.
Various birds land on the branches, as if greeting us with gentle glances.
The sky is adorned with clouds, the air is pure, flowing between the trees, and the water gently trickles across the ground.
A perfect work of art. I wash my face with the river's water and fill a small bottle, then sit and reflect.
We spot a green light flickering in the distance under one of the trees, and we head toward it with curiosity.
There, we find a man lying under the tree, holding a green glass bottle in his hands.
The man wakes up, the smell of alcohol fills the air, his face is pale, and his eyes are red. He looks at us and mumbles words we don't understand.
Then he continues in a broken voice: "She really was a terrible wife…" He begins cursing her, and his life, while we stare at him in astonishment and discomfort.

And time passes…

Chapter 5: Who dries others' tears?

The man begins to weep uncontrollably, so I hand him the water bottle. He washes his face, then throws the wine bottle far away.
He says, his voice drenched in sorrow: “She insulted my mother and turned my son against me. I divorced her a month ago.” ,“I’ll give you some advice from a man old enough to be your father: never get too attached to anyone. If you do, you’ll regret it with a sorrow not even mountains of gold could heal.”
We thank him for his advice, bid him farewell, and return to our tent.
The sun sets, and darkness falls over the forest.
We light a fire, and its glow bursts through the frightening gloom.
The sounds in the forest change, and the hoots of owls fill the air.
We eat some food and exchange bits of conversation. My friend picks up a scientific book about different types of fish and begins flipping through it.
The night grows even darker, and scattered stars appear, sparkling in the sky. We leave the fire burning and head to sleep.
I wake up late in the night. My friend is in a deep sleep, so I step out of the tent,
The sound of chirping birds fills the space, as if greeting the sun upon its return after a long absence.
The sun rises slowly, its light preceding it blending with the darkness and fading it away, little by little.

And time passes…



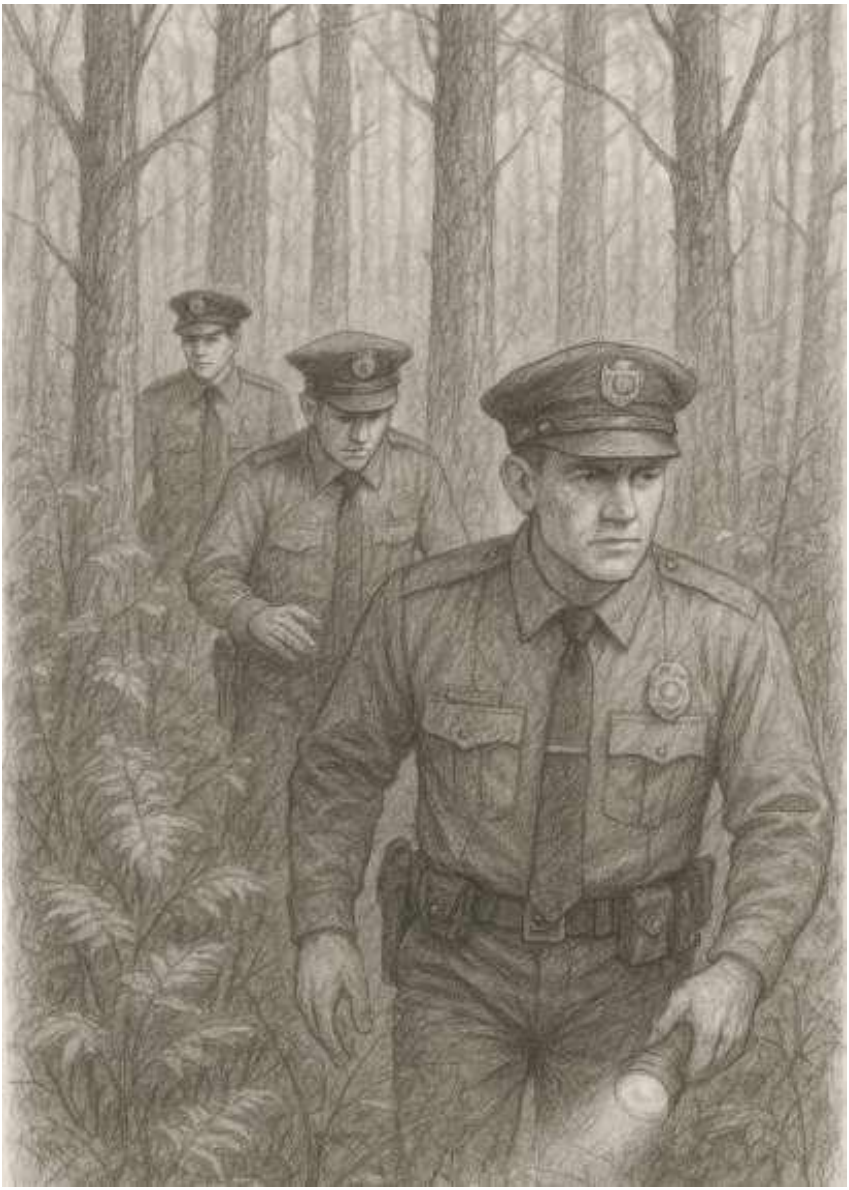
My friend wakes up and walks over to me so we can have some cake and milk together. We pack our things and begin walking slowly back to the village.
We reach a fork in the forest path. On the right side, we see a straight trail with soft light filtering through the leaves of the trees.
On the left, there's a winding, dark path. We choose the right one. A gentle breeze blows, filling us with a sense of calm and peace.
We walk on, observing the stretch of the path ahead, when we hear the sound of crying. We move toward it, and the closer we get, the louder it becomes.
We find a child sobbing bitterly, his face marked with deep sadness. He looks at us with tear-filled eyes, then suddenly stops crying.
Our eyes meet, and silence fills the space. I gently set down my bag and embrace the child, wiping away his tears softly as thoughts flood my mind.
The child tells us he got lost. We take him with us and continue along the path, while I hold his hand gently.
My friend asks him, “How did you end up this deep in the forest?”
He replies in a broken voice, “I ran away from home… My uncle and his wife mistreat me and treat me like a servant.”
I ask him about his parents, and he answers sadly, “I’m an orphan… My uncle took over my father’s house.”

And time passes…

Chapter 6: How easy are doubts, and how heavy is the truth

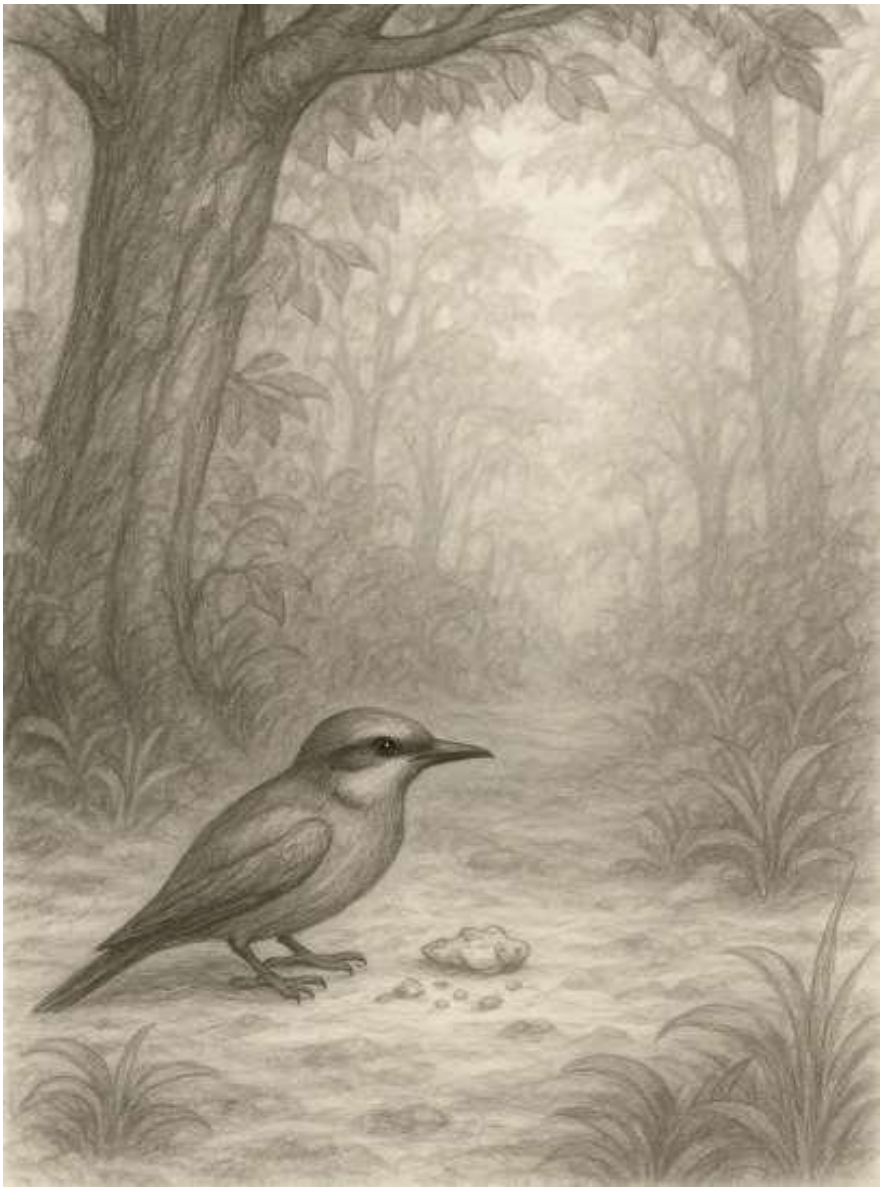
I say angrily, “He must be stopped! This is a great injustice! How can someone live in a property that isn’t his?”
We hear voices speaking in the forest it’s three policemen calling out the child’s name.
We approach them. They take hold of the child, joy clearly showing on their faces. I quickly say, “This child is an orphan.”
“His uncle is cruel ,he’s taken over his father’s house, deprives him of his rights, and treats him harshly!” They look at us in surprise and confusion.
One of them says, “His uncle was crying bitterly out of fear for him, and his wife searched every house in the village.”
“As for the house, it was legally transferred to the uncle by the parents’ wishes before their death, and the child has been living with them for two years.”
I look at the boy. He is silent, his face void of expression, wearing a mask of numbness and detachment.
We thank the men for their efforts, then part with them quietly.
We continue our path and sit under a tree to rest for a while.
My friend says, “Our journey in this forest was truly strange.”
A small bird slowly approaches us. My friend takes a piece of bread and places it on the ground. The bird moves closer and begins to peck at it.
How marvelous this bird is! Its colors seem to gather the green of the trees, the blue of the sky, the red of fire, and the yellow of sunlight!

And time passes…



Its eyes are set on the sides of its head, its feathers soft, its beak sharp and pointed, its legs slender like tree branches, its claws small, and its tail short.
It belongs to the animal kingdom, it eats, drinks, and reproduces like us. Some crawl on their bellies, some walk on two legs, and others on four.
We see them on land, in the sea, and in the sky. They vary in size and sound, some are tame, others wild.
The bird lifts its head and looks at us as if bidding farewell, then flutters its wings and flies away.
We continue on our path until we reach the village, fatigue evident on our faces. We part ways, each heading to his home.
I knock on the door. My father opens it. I greet him with a smile filling my face. I put my things in my room and sit down to reflect.
My mother calls out joyfully, “The man of the forest has returned!” as I hand her a red flower I had picked from the depths of the woods. She closes her eyes gently, smiles as she inhales its fragrance. I kiss her hand, and she embraces me warmly.
We go to have dinner and gather around one table. My mother serves food to every member of the family, dividing it among us fairly.
My father pours juice for us, adding flavor and delight to the meal.
I choose not to tell them what happened with me in the forest.

And time passes…



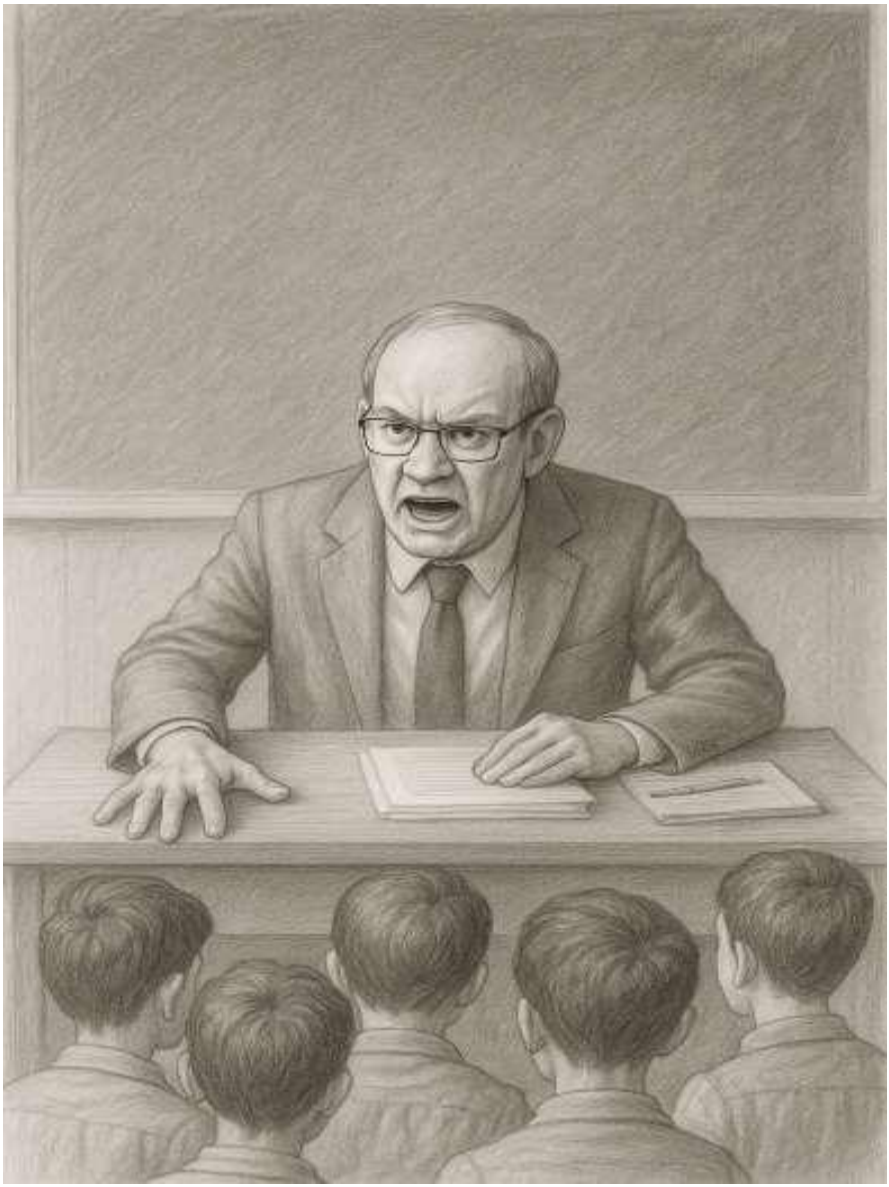
Chapter 7: A swaying flower and scolding walls

After we finish eating, we each go our separate ways around the house. I head to my room and begin working on some math problems.
I stop at a difficult question and go to my sister's room to ask for help. I knock on her door, but there's no response.
I quietly open the door and see her with headphones in her ears, her eyes closed, and the expressions on her face shifting rapidly.
A soft smile appears on her face, she moves her head, waves her hand, and sways like a flower touched by a gentle breeze.
She slowly opens her eyes, surprised to see me. She removes the headphones and says, 'It's my favorite song… do you need help?'
I hand her the book. She reads the problem, then explains it and helps me solve it. I thank her and leave her room, heading to bed.
I wake up after sunrise, still feeling tired, and rush off to school late.
The teacher allows me to enter the classroom.
Chaos fills the room despite the teacher's presence. I sit at one of the back desks, barely able to hear anything from the lesson.
The noise increases, playing and fighting among the students dominates, especially around me.
The top students sit in the front row, and the level of focus declines the closer you get to the back rows.

And time passes…

The teacher strikes the desk forcefully, and silence fills the classroom. He sits in his chair and quietly arranges his pens and papers.
He says in a firm tone, “Be warned! You’re sitting in seats that many wish they had the chance to return to. The choice is now in your hands.”
“I warn you: knowledge is a light that guides you, while ignorance is a darkness that blinds you. Seek that light to rise, and don’t build a wall between you and it, lest you stray from the path.”
As he delivered these words, the bell for recess echoed throughout the high school.
Some students muttered, sarcasm evident on their faces, while others went to thank the teacher for his words.
We all exited the classroom, and I headed toward a group in the courtyard. I sat among them, lost in thought.
One of them said, “I traveled with my parents to a foreign country, and on the plane I saw a massive eagle sitting on a giant cloud!”
Another added, “I saw the principal in one of the parks putting in a brand new set of dentures!”
Laughter erupted, and they continued chatting until the bell rang again, signaling the return to class.
The students returned to their classrooms, and the teacher entered to begin explaining the lesson.
Some listened attentively, others whispered among themselves, and a third was deeply asleep.

And time passes…



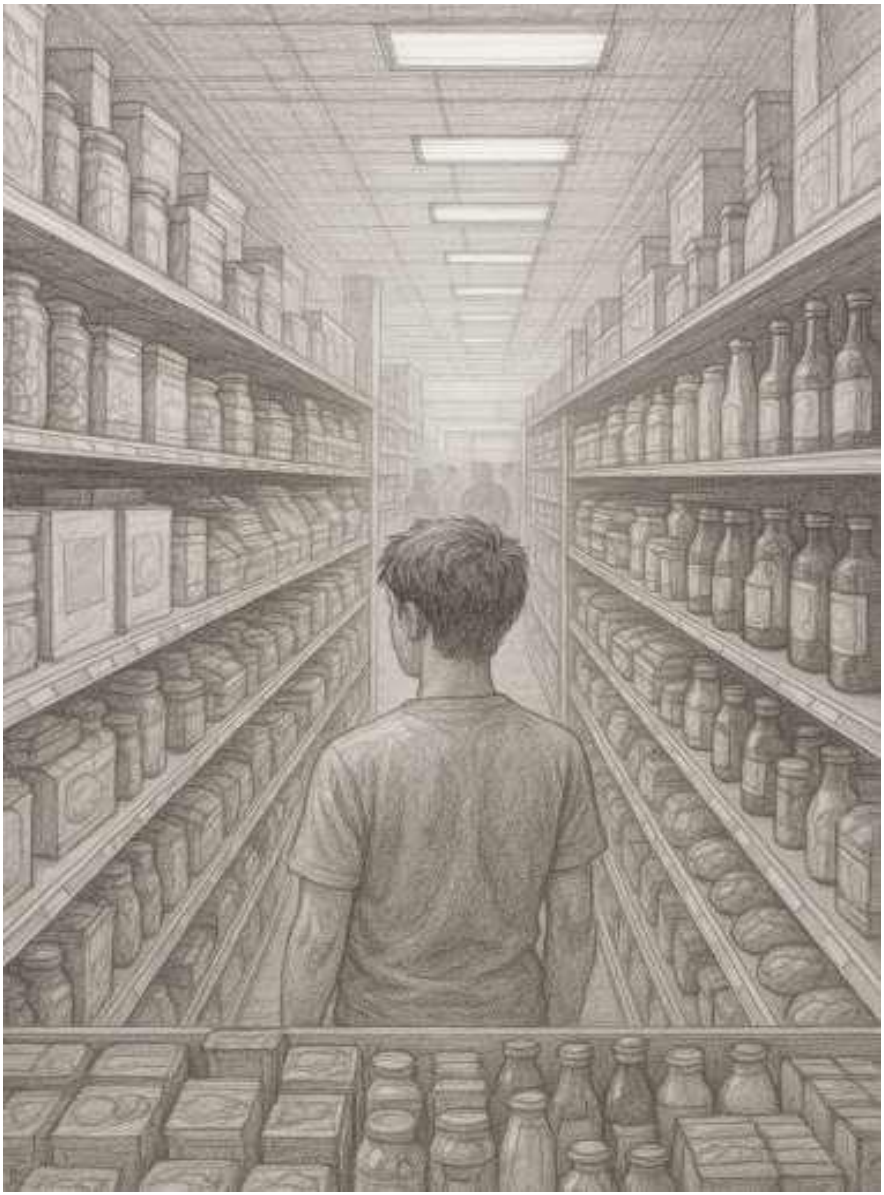
Chapter 8: A Trip to the City

The clock strikes noon, marking the start of the school holiday. The students leave, embracing days of rest and free time.
I arrive home, and my sister opens the door. I take off my shoes and head to my room.
I find my father packing his belongings; he tells me he's going to the city to visit my grandfather's house.
I ask if I can accompany him, and he agrees. I rush to gather my clothes, some books, and a few essential items.
We say goodbye to my mother and head out on foot toward the bus station.
Through the main gate, we enter the station, where electronic screens display the bus schedules.
We walk to the ticket office and buy two tickets, then sit in the waiting area designated for travelers.
The bus heading to the city arrives. We place our luggage in the baggage compartment and board with the rest of the passengers.
The bus sets off along a road stretching to the horizon, cutting through fields and farmlands.
Night falls. The driver sips a cup of black coffee to stay alert, and silence fills the bus.

And time passes…

We arrived at the city station. The sounds filled the place, even though the hour had passed midnight.
We found my uncle waiting for us. We greeted him and rode in his car, heading toward my father's family home.
Upon arrival, we found my grandfather and grandmother at the door. We greeted them warmly, and they welcomed us with joy and affection.
We all sat in the living room, had dinner together, then went to our rooms to get some rest and sleep.
In the morning, we woke up, had our breakfast, exchanged conversation, and offered them some gifts.
After asking my father’s permission, I went out for a morning walk around the city, holding a book in my hand, walking on the sidewalk lost in thought.
People were walking in different directions, and noise was everywhere. The towering buildings seemed to touch the clouds.
I entered one of the large stores, and inside were a variety of foods and drinks:
Cheeses, bread, cakes and sweets, canned foods, frozen fish, various oils, carbonated drinks, and juices.
I bought a bottle of milk and left the store, heading toward a public park. I sat on one of the benches to rest a little.

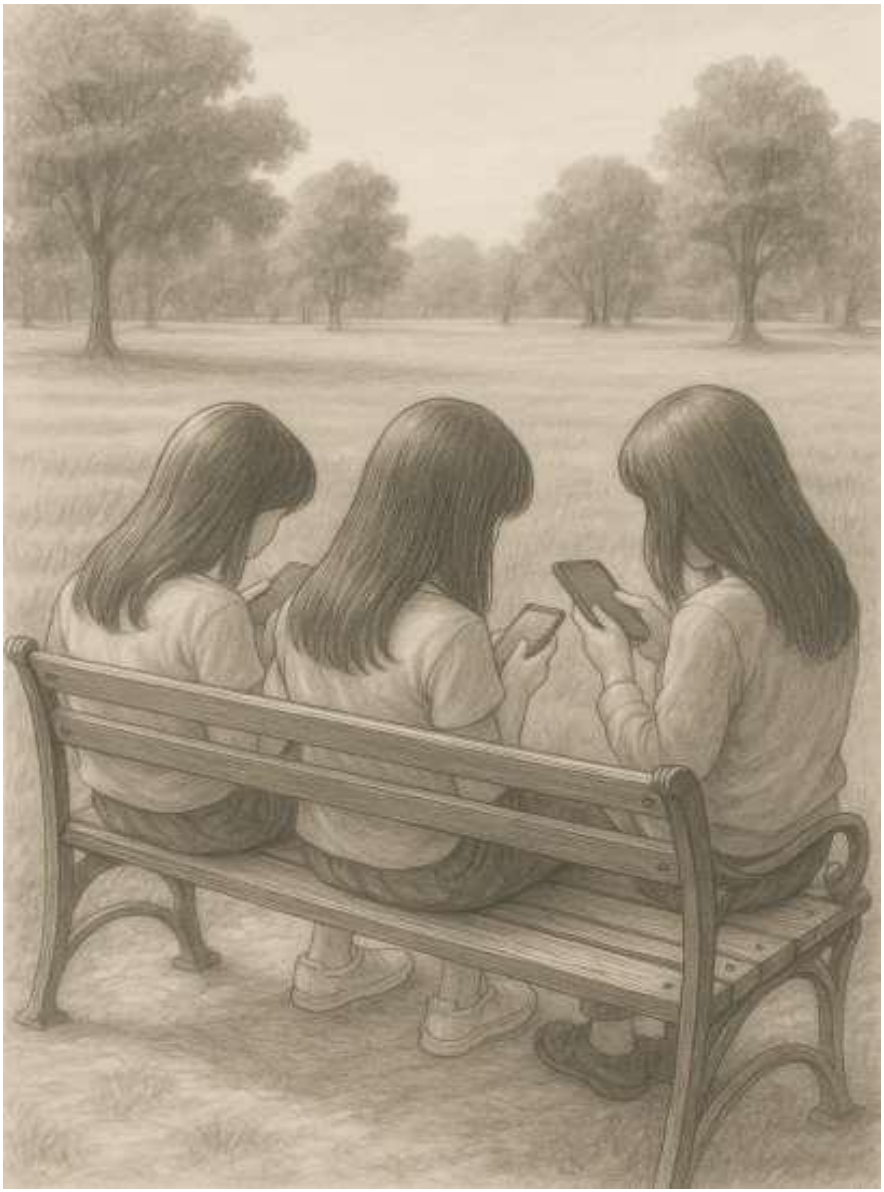
And time passes…



Chapter 9: The eyes seduced me, and the scales betrayed me

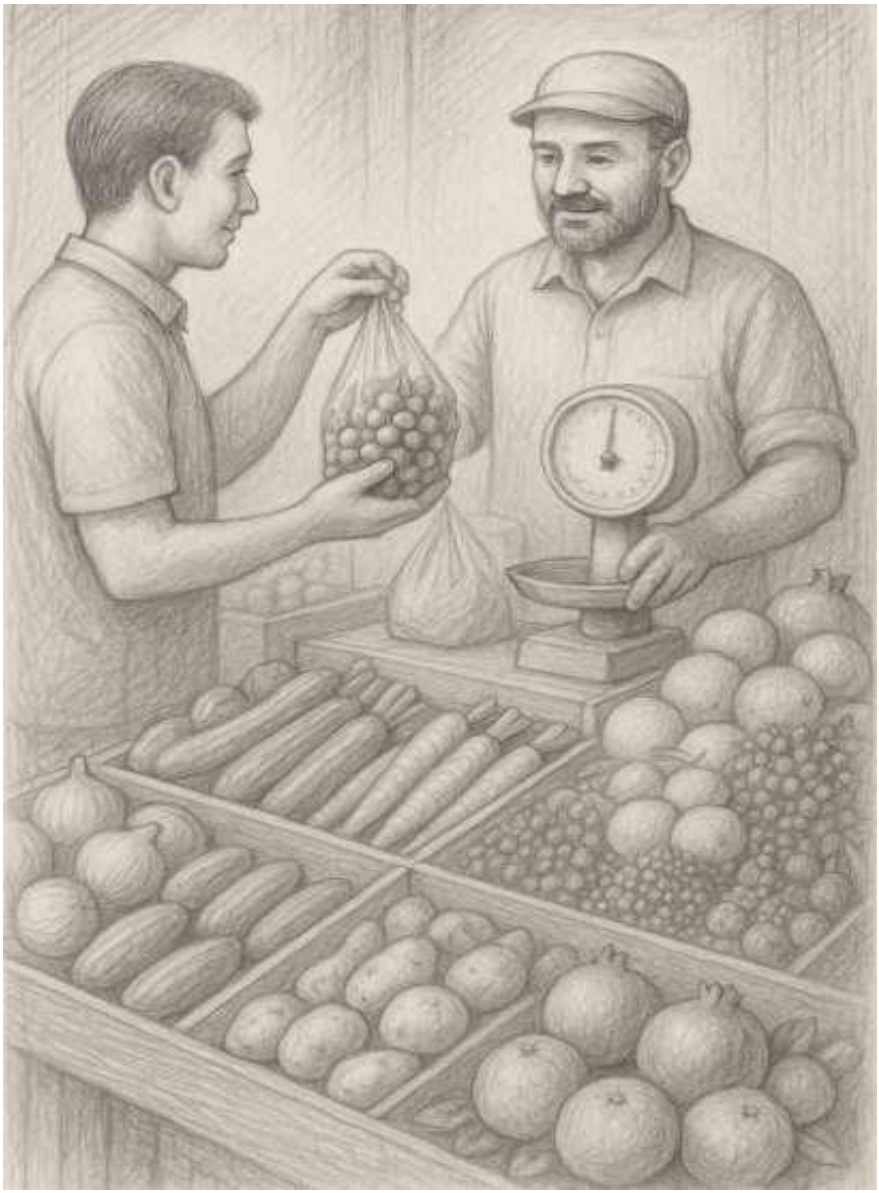
I spotted three girls in the park, each holding a phone in her hands, with music flowing softly among them.
They wore clothing that revealed parts of their bodies, exposed waists, legs below the knee, and bare arms.
Strands of their long hair fell loosely over their shoulders, their lips crimson, their cheeks rosy.
A warmth surged through my body, and my heartbeat quickened as I gazed at them.
I stood up abruptly and walked away with hurried steps to leave the park.
I had never seen such exposure before. Don't they feel any shame? Don't they have men in their homes who feel protective over them?
As I was on my way out, a man passed by me, holding a metal chain that was leading a dog.
I asked him for directions to the fruit and vegetable market. He pointed the way, and I thanked him before heading there with some money to buy fruits for the family home.
I arrived at the market, where all kinds of vegetables were on display, onions, cucumbers, carrots, and potatoes.
And from the fruits: grapes, lemons, berries, and pomegranates, each with its own price, and every seller presenting their goods in their own unique way.

And time passes…



I approached one of the vendors, picked up a bag, and filled it with some oranges. Then I handed it to him to weigh.
While placing the bag on the scale, the vendor said, “The weight is two kilograms, and the total price is two hundred dinars.”
I gave him the money, then carried the bag and walked over to another vendor. I took another bag and filled it with some grapes.
The vendor weighed the bag and found it to be one and a half kilograms, with a total price of one hundred and twenty dinars. I paid him.
I carried both bags and sat down on one of the chairs to rest.
I felt that the orange bag was just as heavy as the grape bag. I compared them curiously and thought to myself,
“Did one of the vendors make a mistake in the weighing?” So I walked over to a different vendor to reweigh both bags.
The scale showed that the oranges weighed one kilogram and seven hundred grams, while the grapes weighed one and a half kilograms, just as previously stated.
I returned to the first vendor and called out to him. Then I took him aside from the crowd.
I said to him, “I found a shortage in the weight of the oranges I bought from you. It was three hundred grams less. Is your scale inaccurate?”

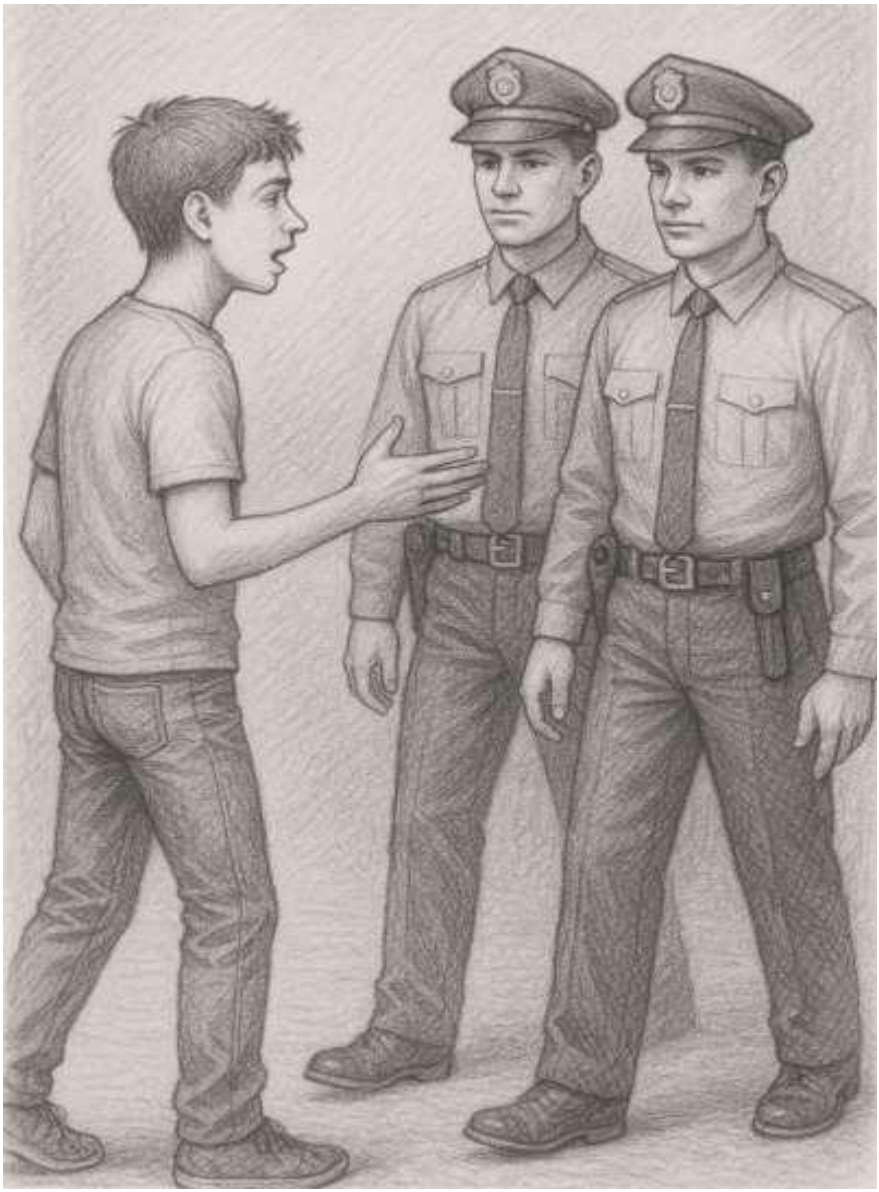
And time passes…



Chapter 10: He changed the scales

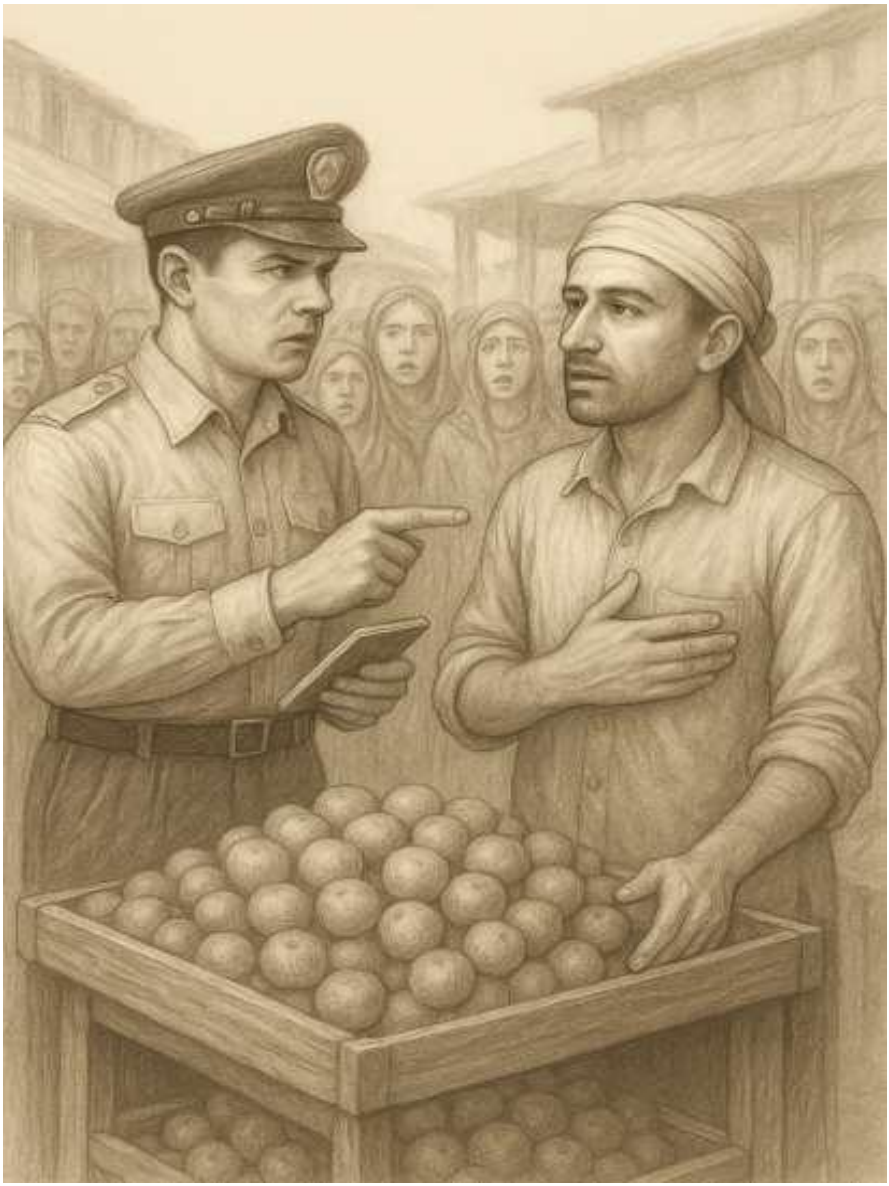
Ah… ah… hmm, yes, I suppose you're right. Thank you for pointing it out. Would you like me to add the missing amount of oranges, or would you prefer I return the money you paid?"
"Neither of those. And how would you return the money to those whose money you've already taken? Do you remember their faces I'm going to report this to the police , they're nearby."
He grabbed my hand tightly and said, "Please, don't call them! I'm a father providing for a family, and this is my only source of income. I have a son about your age."
I took the money and shoved it back into his pocket angrily. Then I forcefully pulled my hand from his grip and walked toward the police officers.
I approached them ,both dressed in uniform, each with a gun holstered on his right hip and a baton on the left.
I greeted them and said, "There's a vendor here who's cheating with the scale." I recounted the entire incident in detail, and together we headed toward the seller.
We found him continuing to sell his goods as if nothing had happened. He approached us with a smile on his face
One of the officers said, "Bring us your scale. A complaint has been filed against you for commercial fraud and attempted bribery."
The vendor raised his eyebrows and said in disbelief, "Who filed the complaint? This child standing next to you?"
"He was looking for a job with me. I turned him down, and now he's accusing me!"

And time passes…



"With all due respect to both of you, do you really believe a child of this age?! He hit me and cried, then ran ahead and filed a complaint!"
The vendor turned around and brought the scale. The officer then took out standardized weights to test its accuracy.
The results showed that the weight was accurate in several measurements. I rushed to examine the scale myself, while the officer stared at me.
I said firmly, “Officer, he has replaced the scale! Don’t you notice that it’s new? It looks like it hasn’t been used before!”
“I am not from this city, and I’m not here looking for work. All I did was buy some grapes and oranges.”
The officer asked us to present our identification documents, then made a call to the police station to report the incident. I looked at the vendor and began to think.
Meanwhile, the other officer weighed the bag of oranges and started asking the vendor a series of questions.
People in the market began to gather around us, whispering and speaking in astonishment.
The officer called out loudly, “If anyone has dealt with this vendor, please step forward and give your testimony.
Your statement will help uncover the truth and will not cause you any trouble.”
Then, one of the shoppers stepped forward and said, “I saw what happened.”

And time passes…



Chapter 11: The voice of truth cannot be hidden by the ballot box

"The vendor was arguing with the young man, then handed him some money, and I saw the young man immediately return it to the vendor's pocket."

The officer asked the vendor to empty whatever he was hiding in his pocket. The vendor slowly reached into his pocket, glaring angrily at the witness. He pulled out some banknotes, which the officer took and placed in a transparent plastic bag.

Meanwhile, the other officer began searching the vendor's belongings and found another scale hidden inside one of the empty fruit crates. He inspected it carefully and found that it was inaccurate, displaying false measurements indicating tampering with the weights.

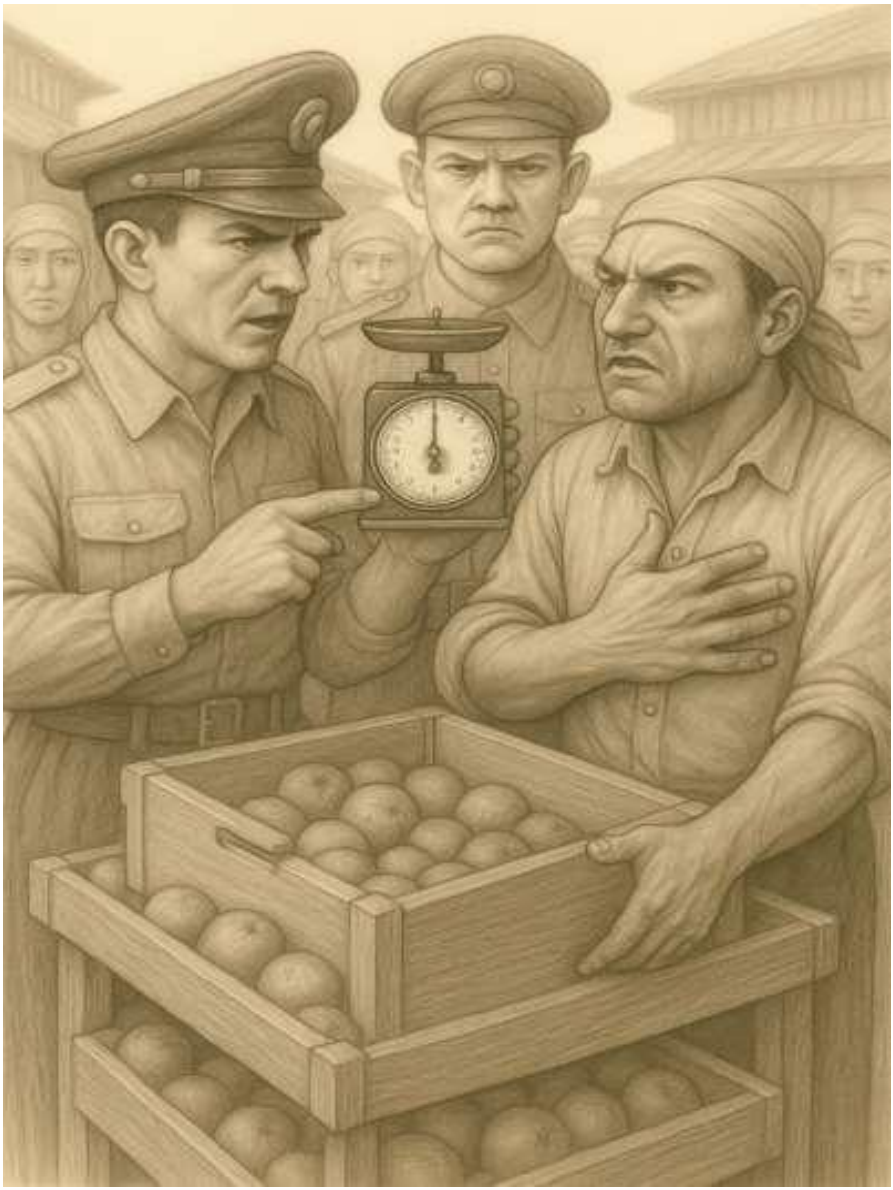
The officer approached his colleague and said, "I found this scale, and it is not precise. It appears to have been used in sales operations."

Signs of anxiety and confusion appeared on the vendor's face, and he shouted, "That scale is old! I don't use it for selling, I only keep it for emergencies!"

The officer responded firmly, "Then why did you hide it inside an empty crate? And why didn't you mention its existence from the beginning?"

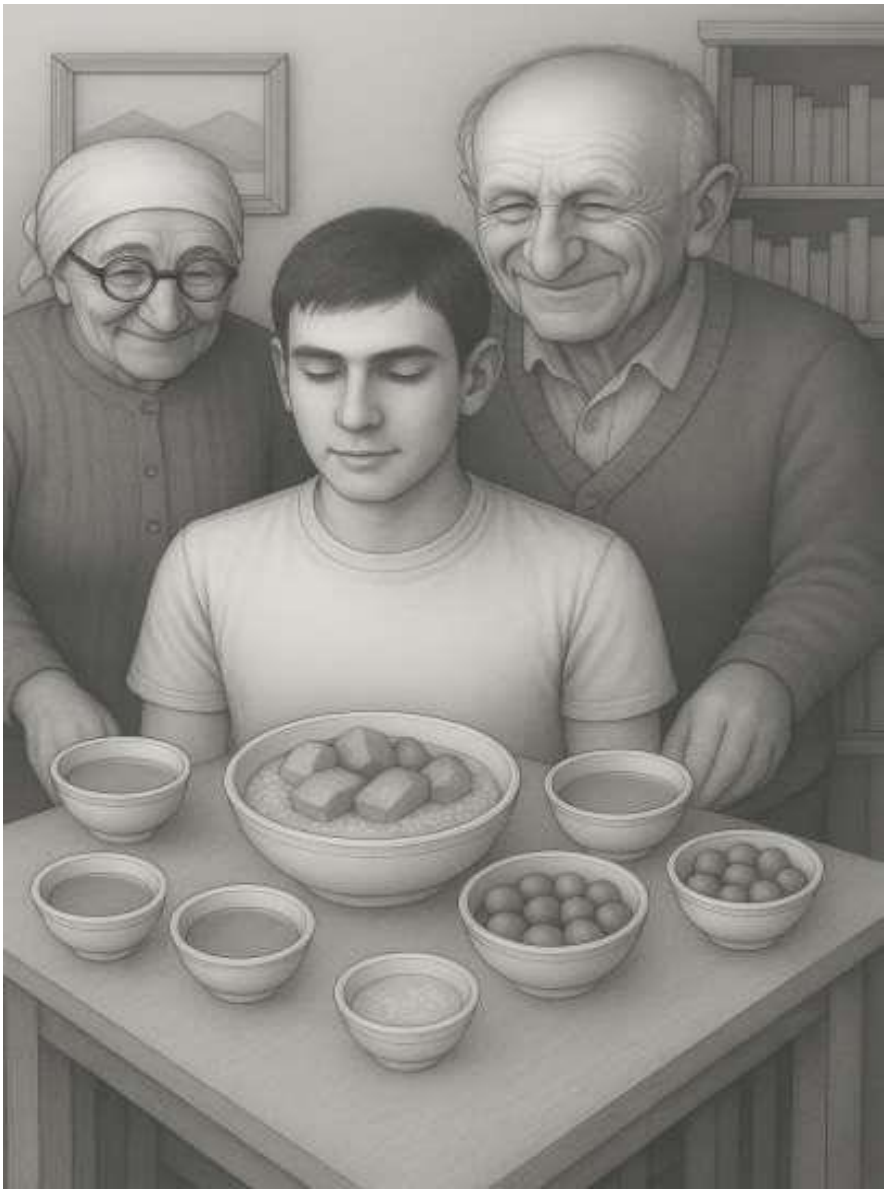
The murmurs among the shoppers grew louder, and one of them said, "I've always suspected his weights." The other officer proceeded to detain the vendor and escorted him to the police car. He then turned to me and said, "You were brave. You may leave now."

And time passes…



I leave the market carrying the bags of grapes and oranges, heading home. The sun begins to set, and the noise of the streets gradually fades.
I arrive at the family house and knock on the door. My grandmother opens it with a smile. I hand her the bags of fruit, then head to the bathroom to wash my face with water.
I move to the sitting room, greet everyone, and begin recounting what happened to me in the market.
My uncle says, “That was a brave act from you, and it’s good that you don’t live in this city. Criminals here may seek revenge.”
“Prison doesn’t deter them, nor does it change their behavior. Living here requires great caution and vigilance, crime and deceit are widespread.”
“Despite all that, we must never give in to fear, nor remain silent in the face of truth,” I reply, then sink into thought.
At that moment, my grandmother comes in with the food and places it on the table, bowls of soup surrounding a large dish of rice topped with pieces of chicken.
There’s also a plate of salad, and another of grapes. I smile and say to my grandmother, “Thank you for the effort you put into preparing this.”
After we finish eating, my uncle clears the table. Smiles and joy fill the place as we share conversations.
I leave the sitting room and head to one of the bedrooms. There, I notice a book resting on the table, one that documents pivotal events in history.

And time passes…



Chapter 12: When Hunger Takes Revenge, Rules Collapse

Since ancient times, nations around the world have operated under laws and principles imposed upon their citizens, often dictated by the most powerful forces in society, whether with the consent of the majority or in spite of their opposition.
There must always be an authority at the top of the hierarchy, whether the system is a monarchy, a republic, or a military regime, to prevent chaos in decision-making, savagery in interactions, and randomness in leadership.
I turn the pages of the book and pause at the story of a king in Europe, during a time when the plague swept through his kingdom. Poverty was ravaging the people, and the children of the poor died quickly due to weakened immunity, while the stench of death filled the kingdom.
The king secluded himself along with his court, fearing the spread of infection.
The people revolted, armed themselves, and marched in an angry crowd toward the palace, demanding the king's wealth be used for travel outside the kingdom and for the treatment of the sick.
The king flew into a rage and ordered his soldiers to kill anyone who approached the palace.
A bloody war broke out, claiming the lives and injuring many on both sides.
Eventually, the soldiers surrendered, defeated by the overwhelming masses of citizens,
who broke down the palace gates and stormed it in fury.

And time passes…

Everyone stood in awe of what they saw, ornate walls, a high ceiling adorned with sparkling glass chandeliers, and a vast silk carpet.
Solid wooden chairs were arranged neatly, while stunning artworks hung on the walls, capturing every gaze.
A spiral staircase led to the upper floor, where the royal chambers stood, furnished luxuriously and draped with heavy curtains.
The king and his family tried to take shelter in one of the rooms, locking the doors behind them as the cries of his children filled the air.
The protestors broke down the door, in a gruesome moment, the king's head was severed, and bullets rained down on his wife and children.
Angry faces embodied years of oppression and injustice.
I set the book aside and drift into thought.
I stand to stretch, then peer out of the room’s window.
There, above the towering buildings, a full moon lit the city night.
I gaze at it and say:
"They took revenge on the king... How could he have all that wealth, while his people were dying and starving?"
"He slept on a couch draped in silk, adorned with golden bracelets, the slumber of a man oblivious, unbothered, unaware of the suffering that surrounded him."
A cold breeze swept in, so I closed the window and turned off the lights. Then I lay down on the bed and drifted into a deep sleep.

And time passes…

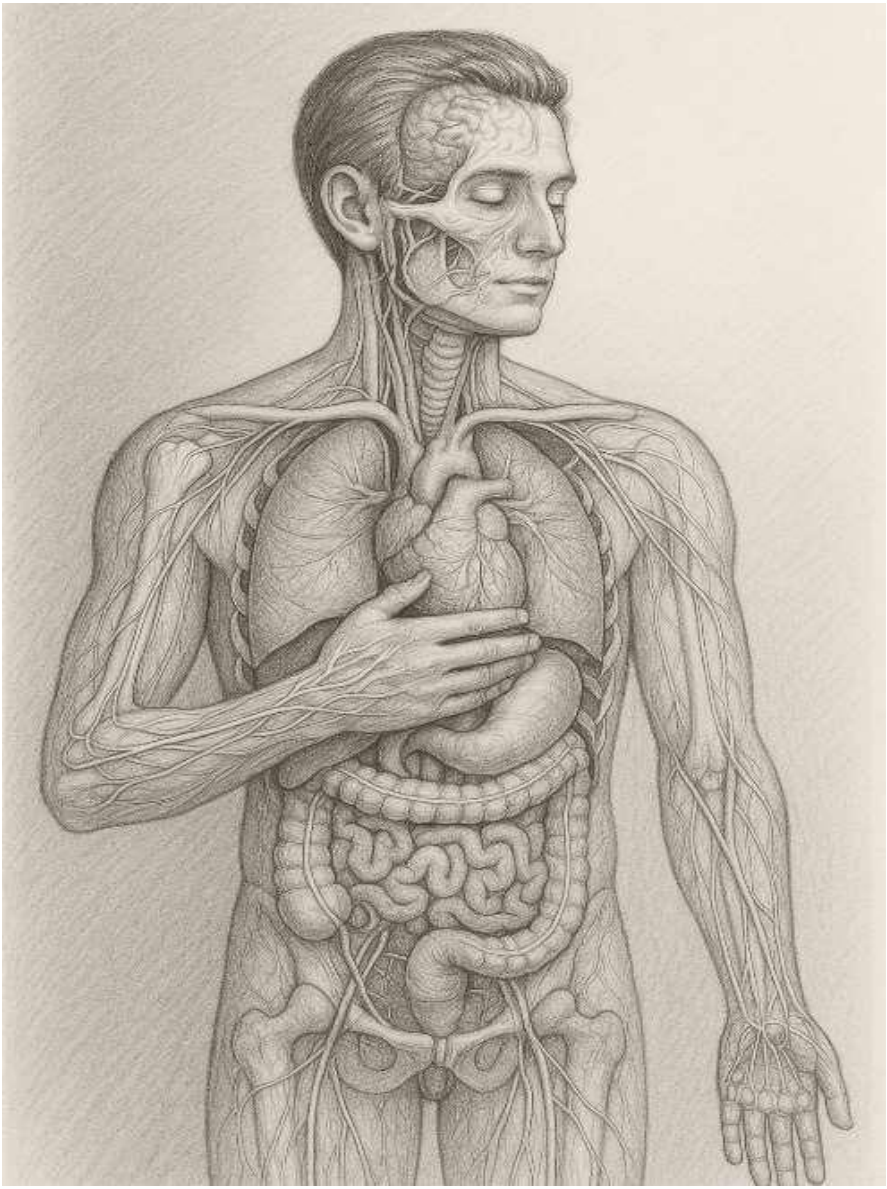
Chapter 13: Life Lab

I wake up in the morning and head to the bathroom to wash my face. Then I make my way to the kitchen, where I find my grandmother preparing breakfast.
I say to her, "Good morning, Grandma. As always, you're the first one awake in the house." Then I sit down and drink a glass of water.
After having breakfast, I get dressed and leave the house, heading toward a library located in the city center.
I wait at the bus stop until the bus arrives, crowded with passengers. I get on and remain standing.
I get off in front of the library and present my ID card to the guard, who allows me to enter. I then head to the general reading section.
Dozens of tables and chairs fill the space, and thousands of carefully arranged books line the shelves, covering various fields:
religion, sociology, medicine, technology, economics, and the arts, alongside novels and short stories, as well as books on religions and sects.
Mathematics, philosophy, physics, chemistry, and the life sciences are all represented, along with encyclopedias and scientific dictionaries.
Despite the richness of this academic space, only seven readers were scattered across the tables.
I walk over to the medical books section and select a book about the human body.
I place it on one of the tables and sit down to begin reading.

And time passes…

The human body is a marvel in its structure, composed of multiple interconnected organs, each with specific functions.
Some of these organs are external, while others lie within. Some we move voluntarily, others operate involuntarily, and some remain still and motionless.
Its skeletal system consists of solid bones, such as those of the skull, spine, and limbs, covered by skin that contains hair.
In the head lies the brain, along with the eyes, ears, mouth, and nose, all connected to the neck, which includes the larynx and windpipe.
The chest houses the heart and lungs, while the abdomen contains the stomach and intestines, the liver, kidneys, and pancreas.
It is a body that works silently in magnificent harmony. I place my hand on my chest and feel the heartbeat of life, and my thoughts drift to the wonders of this body.
I continue reading the book: the male has a penis and testicles, while the female has a uterus and ovaries. The arms and legs contain muscles and joints.
Throughout the body, blood vessels run like a network of rivers, and nerves branch out with precise coordination, like the roots of trees.
According to the author of the book, food, water, and air are the essential elements for this body's life and for enjoying good health.
I return the book to its place and realize it's part of an encyclopedia titled "The Human Body." I smile and whisper, "Knowledge is a sea with no shore in sight."

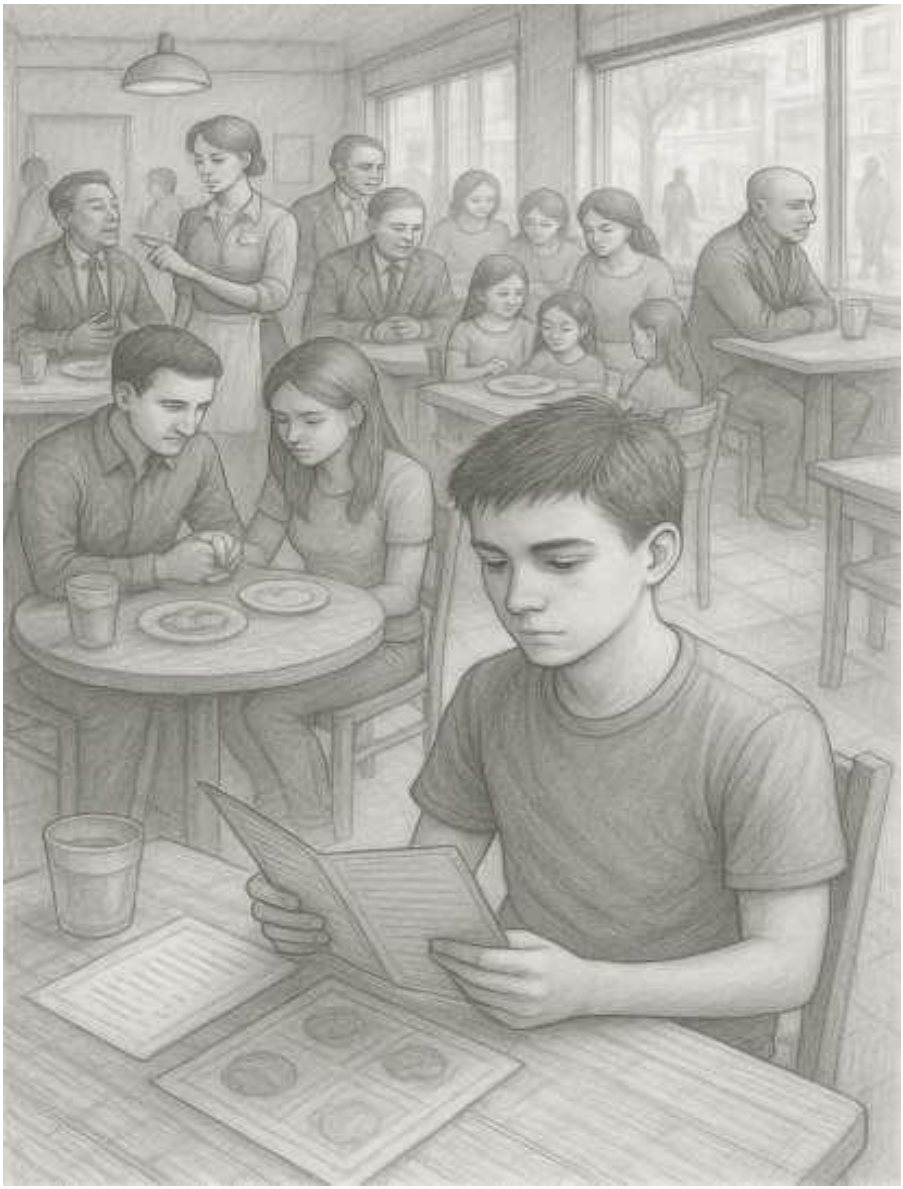
And time passes…



Chapter 14: He who is not seen is hungry

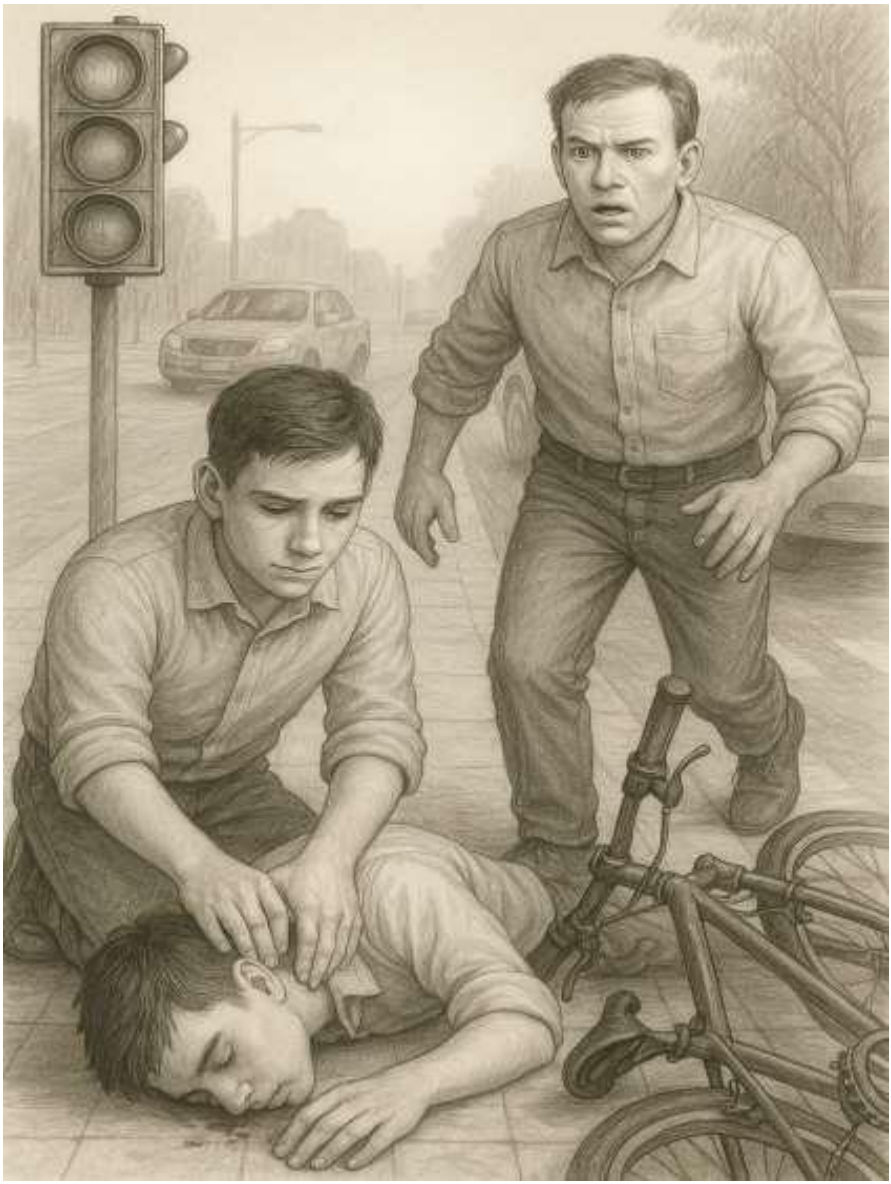
I head toward the library exit, carrying my ID card as I leave. I glance at my shadow and notice I’m standing directly over it , it's midday.
I walk toward a restaurant on the side of the road and find it bustling with customers. I spot an empty seat next to someone and sit down.
I observe my surroundings: a small family sits at one table , the father speaks passionately while the mother cuts their child's food.
A man in a formal suit keeps checking his watch. Women sit with their children, surrounded by various dishes.
A young man and woman sit silently, his hand gently holding hers, though his expression reveals a deep sadness.
In one corner of the restaurant, an elderly man stares out the window, his eyes roaming over the passersby.
The clatter of dishes rises with the movements of the staff between the tables, blending with the conversations of the patrons.
I pick up the menu and browse through it , a variety of burgers and pizzas, grilled meats and chicken, sandwiches and wraps.
Cheeseburger, Margherita pizza, shish kebab, cheese-stuffed kofta, beef shawarma, and roast beef sandwich.
I call the waiter and order some grilled meat and a plate of salad.

And time passes…



I wait for my order to be prepared. Meanwhile, the small family leaves the restaurant, leaving their plates half full.
The waiter arrives and begins clearing their table, carrying the remaining dishes and tossing their contents into a large bin.
I observe the scene, and a deep sadness fills me , they could have ordered smaller portions, or at least packed the leftovers to take with them.
While food is wasted so easily here, elsewhere there are people suffering the pain of hunger.
The waiter brings my order and places it on the table. I thank him and whisper to myself,
"Those who grow used to waste may go hungry in times of hardship."
I begin eating, and once I finish, I head to the cashier, pay the bill, and leave the restaurant, my mind preoccupied with thought.
I walk along the sidewalk until I reach an intersection. The traffic light turns green,
signaling for the cars to move and for pedestrians to wait.
A young man rides his bicycle at high speed, weaving smoothly between the vehicles.
One of the cars attempts to turn; the cyclist speeds up to pass it,
it hits him. He’s thrown to the ground, his head striking the curb, and he falls unconscious.

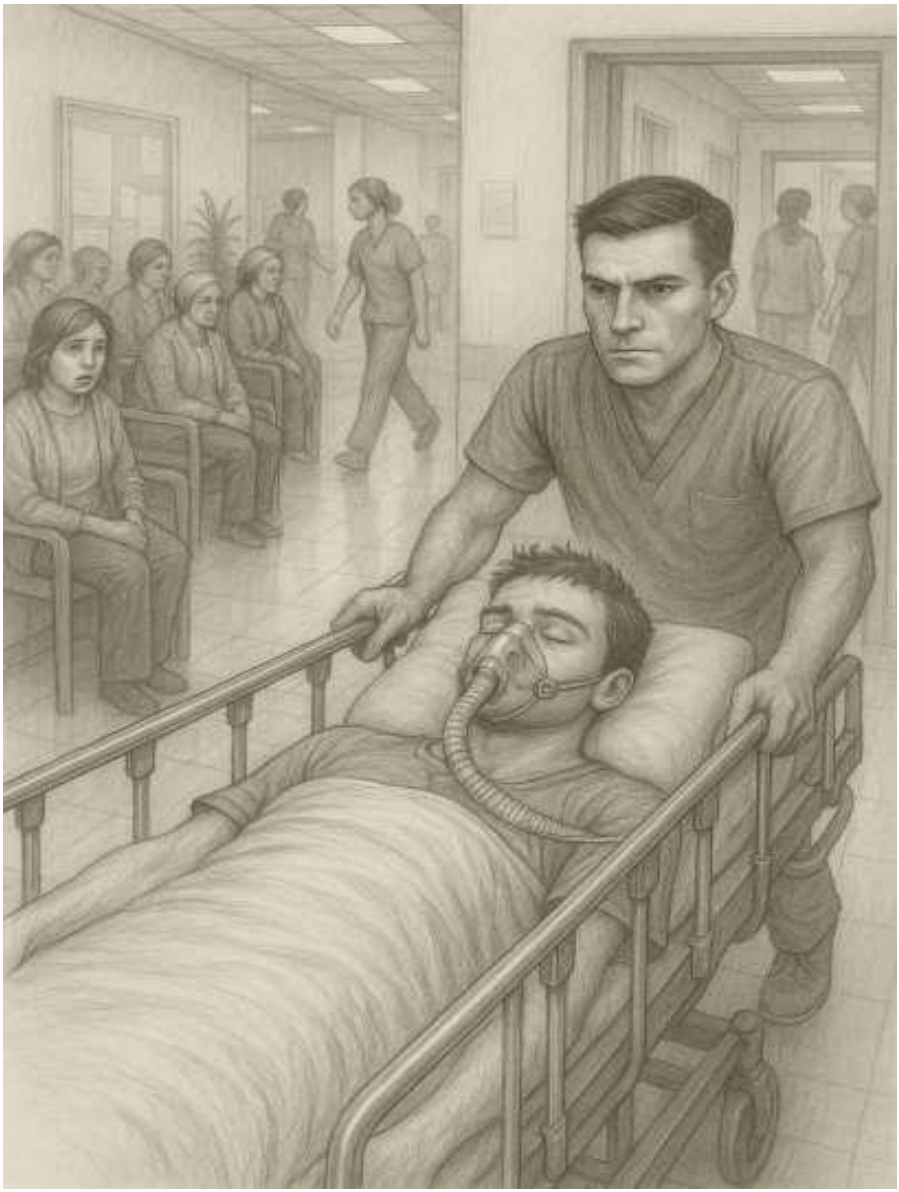
And time passes…



Chapter 15: Between the Poison of the Age and its Honey

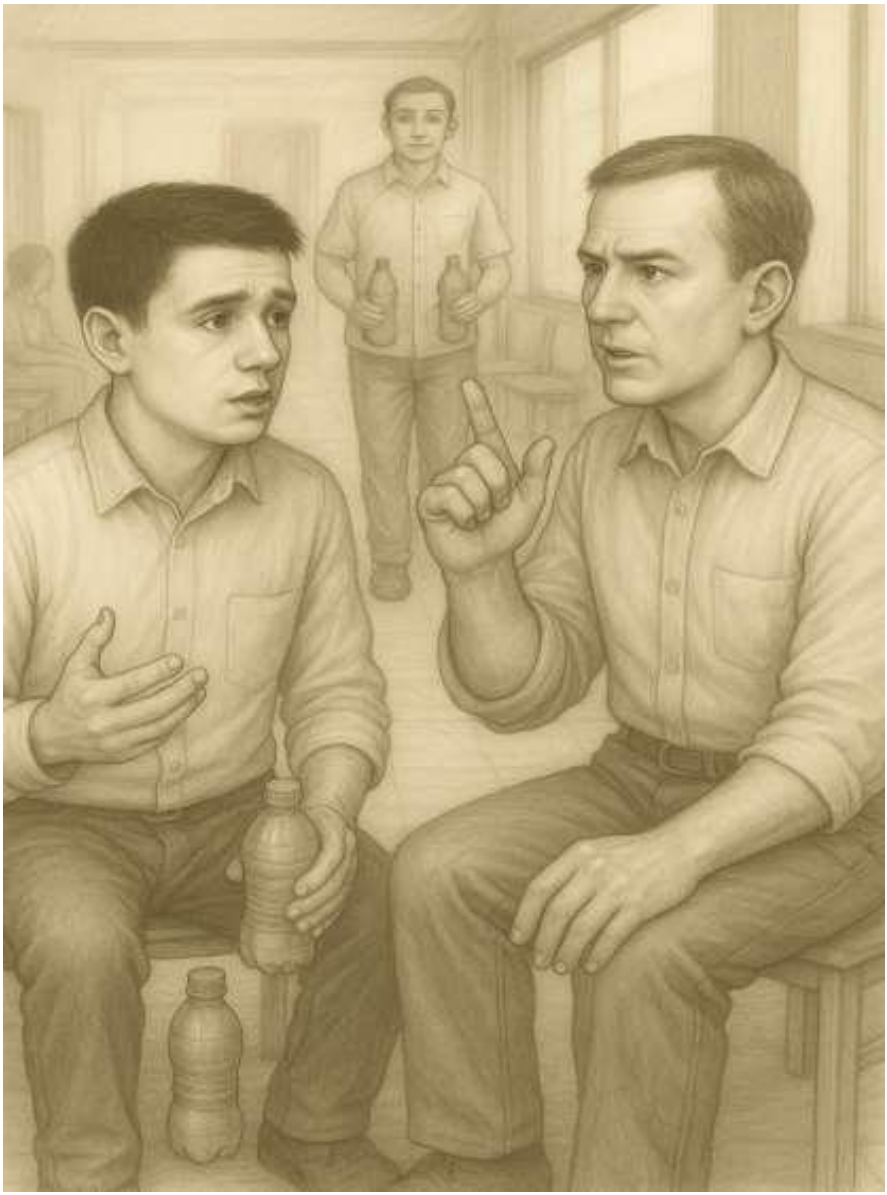
I rush toward him and place my hand on the wound on his head, which is bleeding.
Traffic comes to a halt, and the driver quickly gets out of his car and hurries toward us.
He says in shock, "Is he okay? He was speeding, I didn't see him at all. Come on, help me carry him so we can get him to the hospital!"
Together, we lift him and place him in the car. I sit beside him while the driver speeds off toward the hospital.
When we arrive, I rush inside and inform the first nurse I encounter. He quickly heads to the car, pulling a stretcher with him.
We place the young man on the stretcher, and the nurse wheels him off to the operating room, securing a breathing tube to his mouth.
The driver calls the police to report the accident. Then he turns to me and thanks me for helping him transport the young man.
We sit in the waiting area; patients fill the space, and nurses move between them.
There's the general medicine department, ophthalmology, ENT (ear, nose, and throat), neurology, orthopedics, and a section dedicated to women and childbirth.
There's also the medical lab, the radiology department, and the emergency unit.
The driver says, "You see, son? Illnesses have become more common because of our unhealthy lifestyle and lack of physical activity."

And time passes…



I reply to him, saying, "I’m from the countryside. Life there is different, we walk a lot, and we eat what we grow. Most of us are farmers."
"You have advanced hospitals, massive shopping centers, luxurious restaurants, and prestigious universities."
He responds,
"Don’t be fooled by appearances, my son, not everything that glitters is gold. And remember, poison may well be hidden in that honey."
"We have tampered with food, polluted the water, and poisoned the air. Our bodies have changed, and these illnesses were unheard of not long ago."
"Diabetes, high blood pressure, cancer, AIDS, COVID, arteriosclerosis, and many others..."
I say to myself, "Will we ever find a path back to pure living? Or is it already too late?"
I look at him in astonishment and reflect...
Suddenly, a man appears carrying bottles of water and juice, handing them out to the patients.
He approaches me and offers me a bottle of water and juice, then says,
"A prayer of goodness from you, this is for the sake of God."
I thank him for his generosity, place the juice bottle on the floor, and take a sip of water.
A little girl bursts into the hospital crying, "Where is my brother? Is he alive?" Her parents follow behind, their faces full of worry.

And time passes…



Chapter 16: From the Operating Room to the Dough Table

The driver realizes they are the young man’s family, so he approaches them to reassure them and explain the details of the accident, while I remain seated, quietly observing.
Suddenly, the door to the operating room opens, and the doctor steps out with a serious look. Everyone rises anxiously.
The mother rushes toward him, her eyes fixed on the door of the room, and asks, "Is he okay? Can I see him?"
The doctor responds calmly, "We’ve stitched his head. Fortunately, the wound wasn’t deep. His condition is stable."
"He’ll stay in the observation room for a while until he fully regains consciousness. In half an hour, you’ll be able to see him and stay with him."
Relief spreads across the mother’s face as a nurse comes to escort the family to one of the waiting rooms.
I approach the young man’s father and talk to him about the incident and his son’s excessive speed. He pats my shoulder gratefully.
I bid them farewell and leave the hospital, as the rays of sunset stretch across the horizon and the quiet of night begins to settle over the city, accompanied by the slowing of traffic.
I take a taxi home, as the car weaves through the working-class neighborhoods.
The streetlights cast a golden glow that stretches like interwoven threads across the roads and buildings.

And time passes…

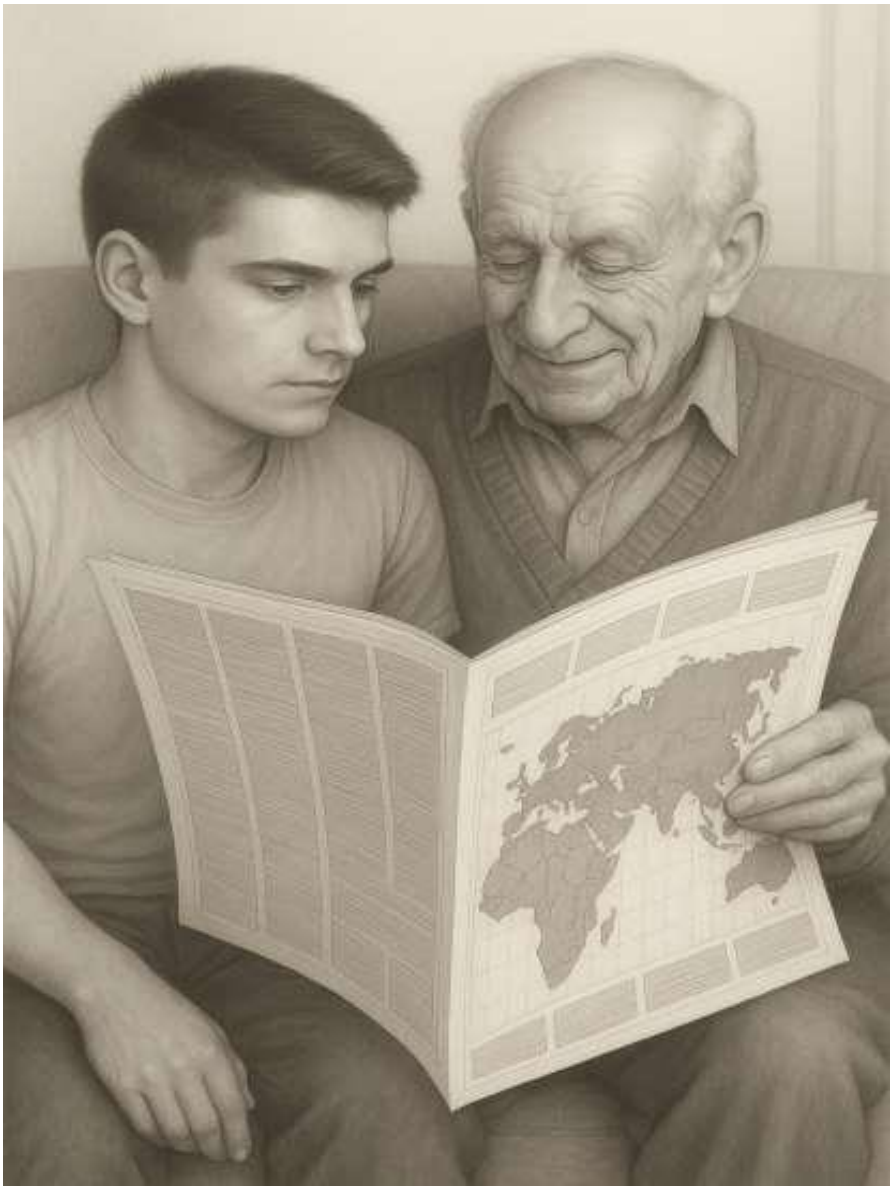
غرفة العمليات

I arrive home, hand the driver the fare, and step out, thanking him, only to find my father standing by the front door.
He says in an angry tone,
"You're late! You haven't been back since the morning, and you don't even have a phone so we could contact you. Where have you been all day?"
I reply apologetically, "I was at the hospital. I accompanied a young man who had a traffic accident. I'm sorry, Father, I didn't realize how fast time was passing."
He interrupts me, "Your grandmother is worried about you. She's in the kitchen. Now go inside and don't be gone that long again."
I enter the house, greet my grandfather and uncle, then head to the kitchen. I kiss my grandmother on the head and sit beside her.
Fine flour is scattered across the wooden table as she kneads dough with her wrinkled hands, hands seasoned by years of experience. I look at her and reflect.
I say gently, "Shall I help you, Grandma?"
I take a knife and place it on the cutting board. I grab a tomato, an onion, a pepper, and a cucumber.
I dice the tomato into small cubes, and slice the onion, pepper, and cucumber into round rings. Then I mix the ingredients in a decorated ceramic bowl.
I add a bit of chopped parsley, a spoonful of lemon juice, two spoons of olive oil, and a light sprinkle of salt.
I take a spoonful of the mixture and offer it to my grandmother to taste. She says, "Mmm… how delicious! You're good at making salad. Put it in the fridge so it cools down."
And time passes…

Chapter: 17 The Taste of Belonging

I place the salad in the fridge, and my grandmother continues cooking. I bid her farewell, leaving her immersed in the fragrant aromas of spices.
I head to the sitting room and sit beside my grandfather, who is seated on his couch, flipping through a newspaper.
His white hair crowns his head like a halo. The wrinkles on his face stretch like maps of memories. Despite his frail body, he exudes a solemn calm.
He notices my presence and calls me over, then asks with a smile on his face: "Do you follow politics and international relations?"
I respond, "I don’t know much about them, just some of the information we studied in high school."
He points his finger at a map in the newspaper, placing it over one of the countries, and says firmly:
"This country controls the policies of others."
"It seeks dominance despite its geographical distance. Its influence spreads like spiderwebs across the world."
"Some of those nations are aware of their dependency. Some reject it, but cannot free themselves from it. Others accept it."
"They support and promote it, leading to political, economic, military, and even cultural subordination."
"Yet, despite all that, some countries remain steadfast, rejecting such colonialism and standing against that tyrannical power."

And time passes…



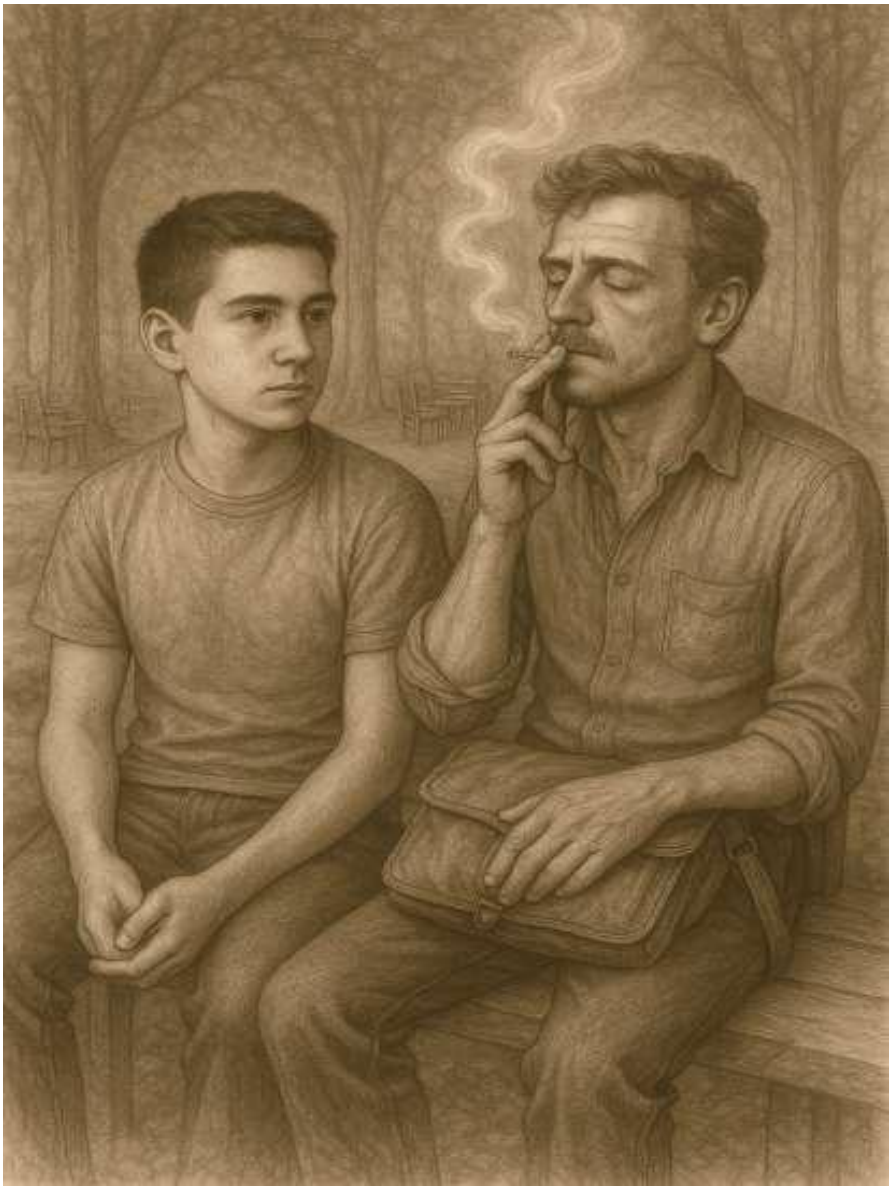
He folds the newspaper and sets it aside, then looks at me deeply and says: "A government that draws its strength from outsiders will never be accepted by a free people."
My father helps my grandmother prepare the dinner table, and we all gather around it, adorned with my grandmother’s delicious dishes.
My grandfather tastes the salad I prepared, then says:
"Truly delicious and rich in flavor, olive oil has taken over all the ingredients."
My grandmother tells him that I made it, and he turns to me jokingly, saying: "Well done! Just don’t be like those nations that abandoned their culture!"
Everyone laughs at his comment, and I reply with a smile: "Don’t worry, Grandpa. The authentic flavor can never be replaced by any imported one."
My father takes a piece of bread, adds some salad to it, then tops it with a bit of hummus. I watch him curiously, thinking.
He adds some eggplant and a slice of fried egg, then closes the sandwich perfectly.
He takes a bite and says: "You were right... The blend of foreign cultures in one country isn’t always tasty."
Laughter fills the room. I gaze at the faces of my family around the table and realize that flavor isn't only in the food, but in the gathering of family around it.
After dinner, we part ways, and I head to my room. I lie down alone, close my eyes in the stillness of the dark, trying to sleep, yet the noise of silence fills my head.

And time passes…

Chapter 18: A Full Bag... and Empty Pockets

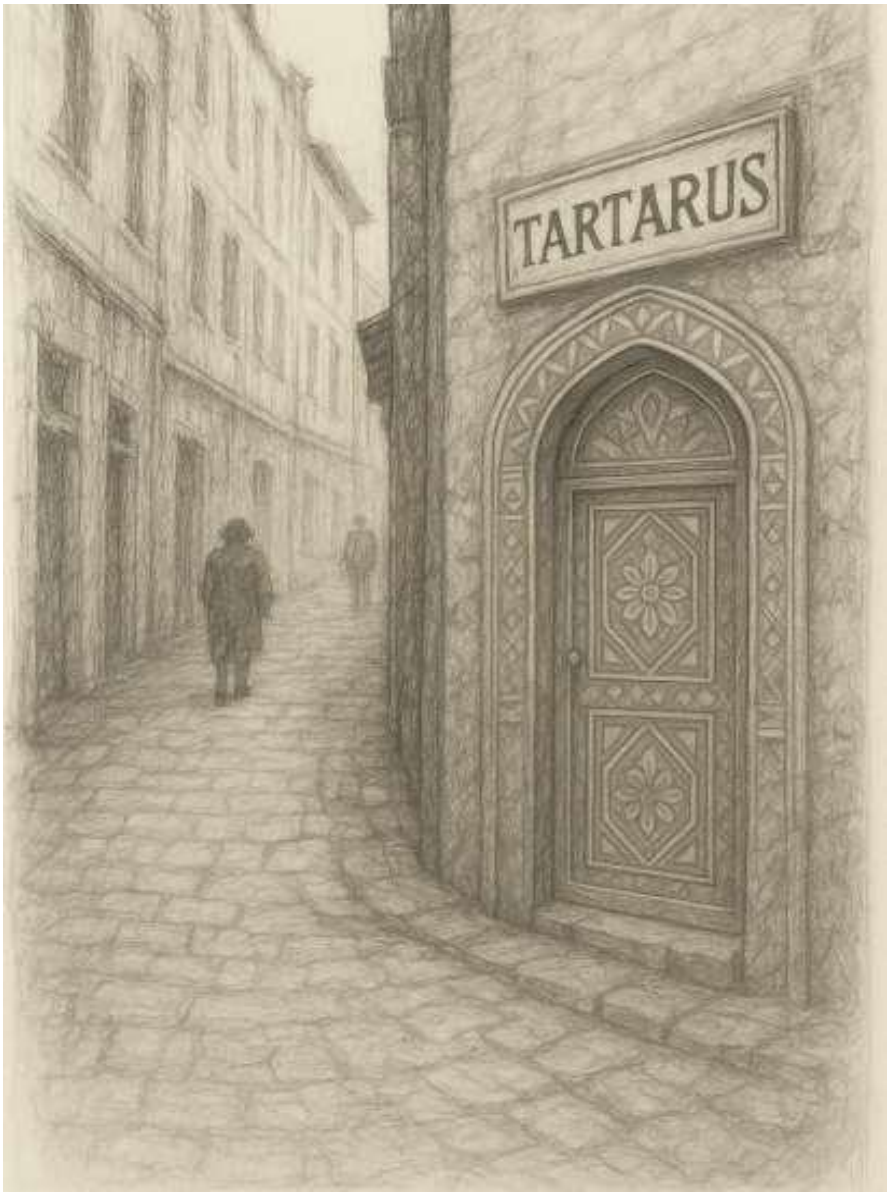
I wake up in the morning after a deep sleep, greet my grandmother, then have a glass of fresh milk with some biscuits.
I change my clothes and head out toward one of the large gardens in the city center.
When I arrive at the garden, I find trees encircling it from the outside, and various colorful flowers adorning it from within, along with many benches scattered throughout.
I sit on one of the benches, and soon a man sits beside me, carrying a small briefcase and a cigarette between his fingers.
He puts the cigarette in his mouth, inhales deeply, then exhales the smoke into the air.
I feel suffocated, so I look at him and say, "Would you mind smoking somewhere else?"
He extinguishes his cigarette and tosses it away, then says, “I’m sorry, brother. This is the only breathing space I have. You seem like a stranger to this city.”
He points to his briefcase and says, “Do you see this bag? It carries a story of long struggle, years of sleepless nights and hard work to reach the highest academic levels.”
“But… I’m still unemployed, and I’m now over thirty. I wander the city streets every day, yet I can't find a field in which I can benefit, or be of benefit.”
I reply in surprise, “But this is a big city, with so many companies and institutions. Why don’t you apply for a job at one of them?”

And time passes…



He replies to me, saying, “Ever since I graduated, I’ve been searching for a job. Many others like me hold degrees, and we all suffer from unemployment and the lack of opportunities.
We apply to these companies, but most of us are rejected. They only accept a few, usually those who have family connections within the company.”
“I’ve lost hope of finding work in this city... I’m thinking of migrating elsewhere. The situation has become unbearable.”
“And you, young man, perhaps you're still a student? You seem like a stranger to this city. Tell me about yourself.”
I smile and say, “Yes, I live in one of the nearby villages. I’m in secondary school and came here to visit my relatives in the city.”
He responds, “I like village folks. What do you say we go enjoy ourselves a little? I’ll show you more of the city.” I look at him and think for a moment.
We leave the park and stroll through the streets of the city center. The roads are bustling with people and full of activity.
Eventually, we reach a narrow street where walking becomes difficult, there’s little movement and few people around.
We stop in front of a door decorated with various colors, and above it hangs a sign written in a foreign language.
He lights a cigarette and says to me, “Come on, let’s have some fun. I haven’t visited this place in a long time.”

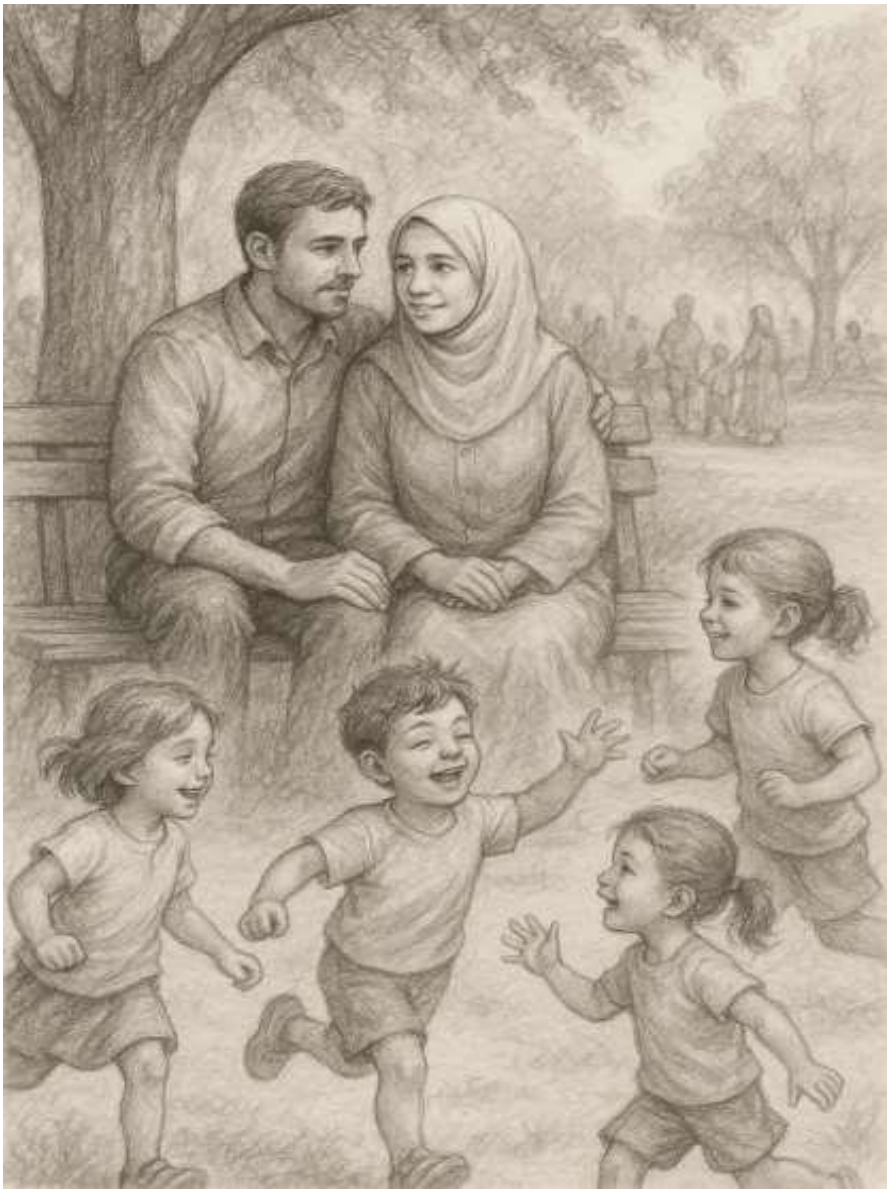
And time passes…


TARTARUS

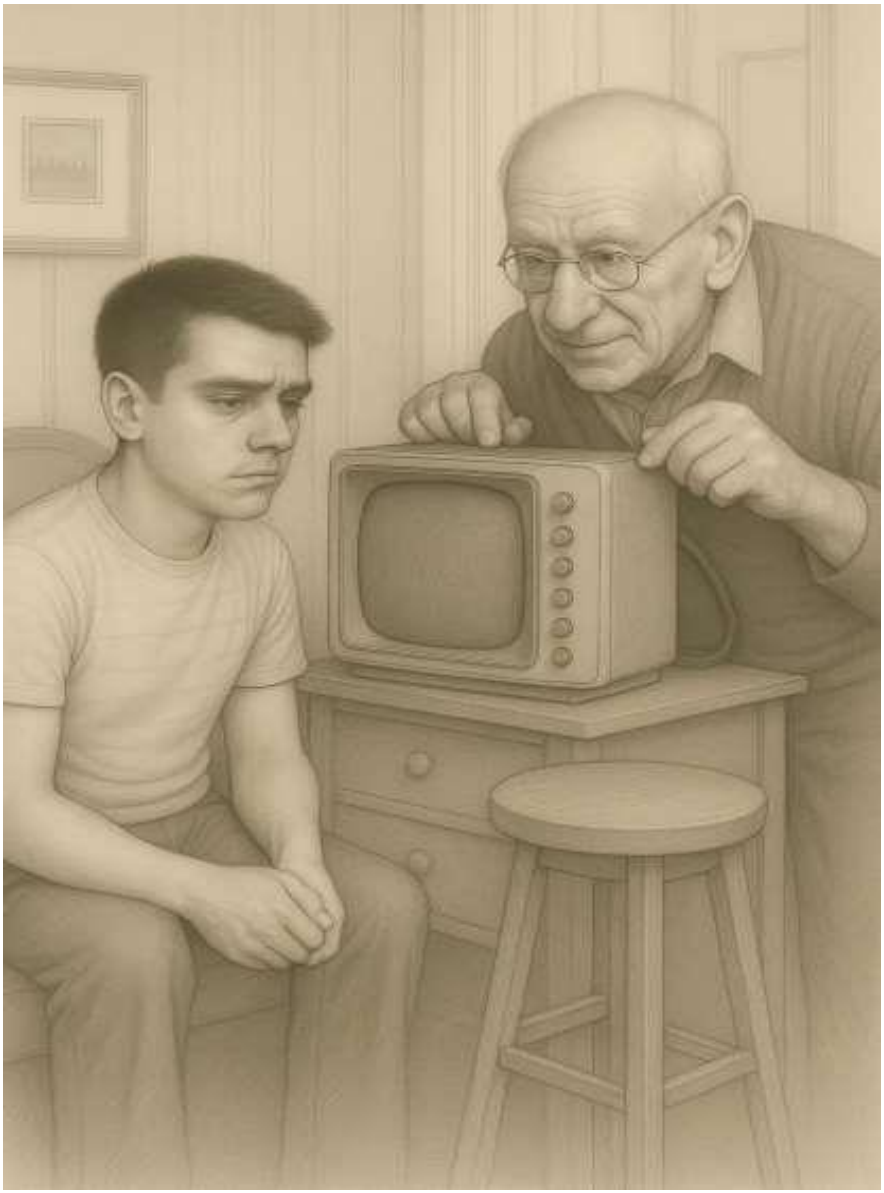
Chapter: 19 What a wretched city that deserves farewell

He knocks on the door, and a young man covered in black tattoos opens it. They greet each other warmly.
We enter, and he whispers in my ear, “Don’t worry, I’ll pay for you.”
I look at him with confusion.
I knock on one of the room doors and step inside. The place is packed with men and women dancing in revealing clothes to obscene songs.
At the far end of the room stands a large table filled with bottles of wine and alcohol.
My skin bristles in anger, and I say, “You know so little, yet you think you're educated!”
“What a disgraceful kind of knowledge that does not refine its bearer!”
I leave the place in a hurry, my features hardened with rage.
I head to one of the shops and buy a bottle of water. Sitting on the edge of the sidewalk, I drink and splash some water on my face.
I return to the park to rest, and take a seat on one of the benches, watching families scattered across the garden.
A father and mother sit on a wooden bench beneath the shade of a tree, exchanging conversation with peaceful glances.
Their children run around them, filling the space with joyful shouts and innocent laughter.

And time passes…



I return home and sit in the reception room, watching my grandfather as he leans over the television set, trying to fix it with patience and determination.
My father enters and says to me, “You came back early today... I wanted to tell you that this will be our last week in the city.”
I reply firmly, “What do you say we return tomorrow, Father? I’d like to spend the remainder of the holiday in our village.”
My grandfather responds in surprise, “You haven’t visited us in years, why the rush to leave? There are still beautiful places in the city you haven’t seen yet.”
I smile kindly and answer, “Forgive us, Grandpa. We’ve been away from my mother and siblings for too long, and I also need to return to my studies.”
My father adds, “Next time, our visit will be longer. And don’t forget, you should come visit us in the village too.” I glance at my grandfather and reflect.
He replies, “Very well, as you wish. We do miss the village atmosphere, we’ll come see you at the first opportunity.”
My father leaves the house to buy some gifts and necessities for my mother and siblings, while I begin packing my belongings for the trip.
My grandmother prepares our final dinner, and at night we all gather around a warm table, sharing conversation and stories.
We wake up after a peaceful night’s sleep. I kiss my grandfather and grandmother and bid them farewell.
Then we get into my uncle’s car, and he drives us toward the bus station.
And time passes…



Chapter 20: To the Bosom of Home

We arrive at the bus station, greet and bid farewell to my uncle, then head to purchase the tickets and wait for the bus in the waiting hall. Suddenly, a woman's voice echoes through the loudspeaker: "The bus to the village has arrived. All passengers are kindly requested to board."

We carry our luggage and walk toward the bus. We board and sit together, waiting for it to depart.

I observe the faces of the passengers, they seem familiar. I open the window, look out, and whisper, "Farewell, city of noise… I have learned so much from you."

The hours pass as the bus makes its way across the distances. I watch the shifting terrain and the changing features of the land.

Massive rocks cover the mountainous regions, then gradually give way to vast green fields stretching toward the horizon.

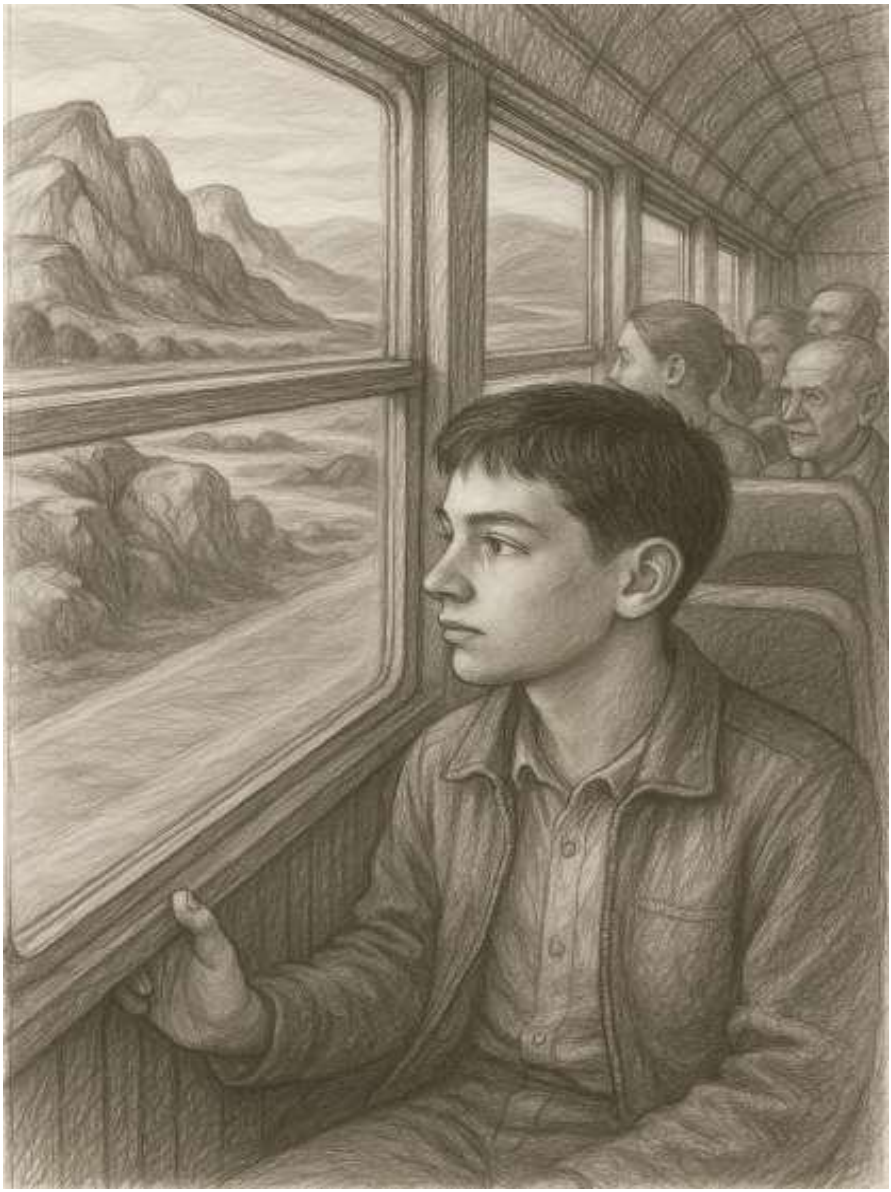
At last, we reach the village station. We unload our luggage and take a taxi to our home.

I notice significant changes in the village: the vegetable market has expanded, new shops have opened, and murals decorate the walls of the buildings.

We finally arrive home. My father reaches into his pocket to pay the driver, but the driver looks at him and asks for a larger amount.

I say to him in surprise, "This is the full fare, from the station to our neighborhood."

And time passes…



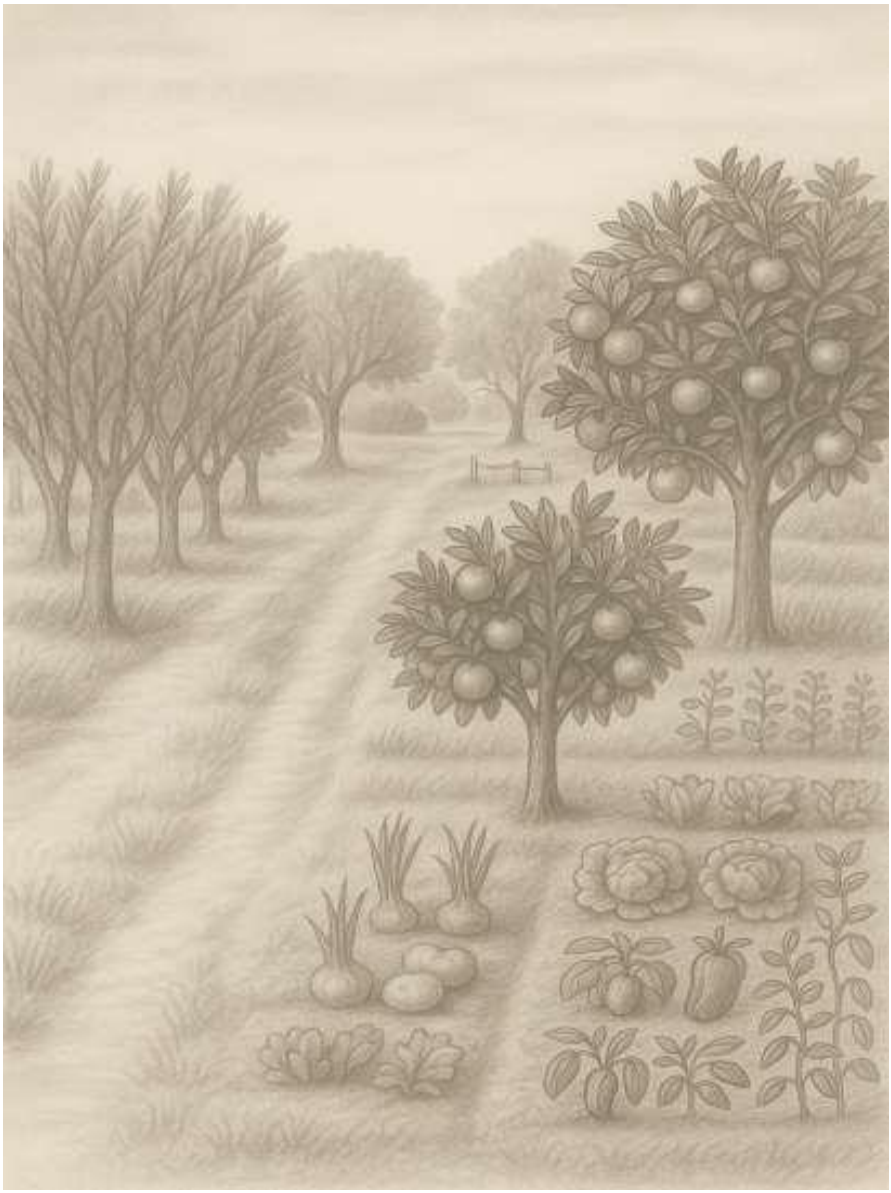
Signs of embarrassment and irritation appear on the driver's face as he looks at my father and says, “The fare changed last week. Just add a third of that amount.”
My father adds the requested amount, then we get out of the car and head toward the house. I say to my father, “Father, it seems the prices have changed too.”
He calmly replies, “I don’t think so, my son. Perhaps the driver thought we were strangers to the village and raised the fare.”
I respond with displeasure, “If your assumption is correct, then that’s a bad act, Father, and those who do it should be held accountable.”
We knock on the door. My mother is surprised by our arrival and greets us with great joy. My brother comes to greet us as well and carries the luggage inside.
My father goes to change his clothes, while my sister comes in holding some cookies. I head to my room to change my clothes. I sit for a while and reflect.
We all gather in the living room. My father opens the travel bags and presents a shining ring to my mother, an ornate dress to my sister, and a pair of jeans to my brother.
I give my mother a kitchen scale, a wristwatch to my sister, and a scientific book on agriculture to my brother.
We are all happy with the gifts, exchanging conversations about the days we spent apart and the news of our relatives in the city.
My mother and sister bring in dinner, and as we eat, I smile and say, “My stomach only accepts Mom’s delicious cooking!”

And time passes…

Chapter 21: The Breaths of the Earth and Its Fruits

The clock strikes six in the morning, and I wake up from a deep sleep in my room after a physically and mentally exhausting day.
I sit with my brother to have breakfast, and he asks, “How’s life in the city? It’s large, and the population is dense, isn’t it?”
I reply calmly, “Life there is truly difficult. Morality is often absent. I wouldn’t recommend living there.”
And I add, “I don’t understand why people don’t change themselves, despite the availability of facilities, institutions, and companies.”
My brother responds with surprise, “Really? I didn’t expect that! Anyway, how about coming with me to work on my farm?”
I answer enthusiastically, “Definitely! I haven’t been there in a long time, and I really need some peace and quiet away from the city’s noise.”
I go to put on comfortable clothes, and after a few minutes, we head out together to the farm.
We arrive to find olive trees neatly lined up, and in the opposite row stand orange and lemon trees.
Their branches bear ripe fruits, and a refreshing fragrance fills the air.
Earthen pathways between the trees make movement and access easy.
In another corner of the farm lies the vegetable field, where onions, potatoes, lettuce, peppers, and peas grow.

And time passes…



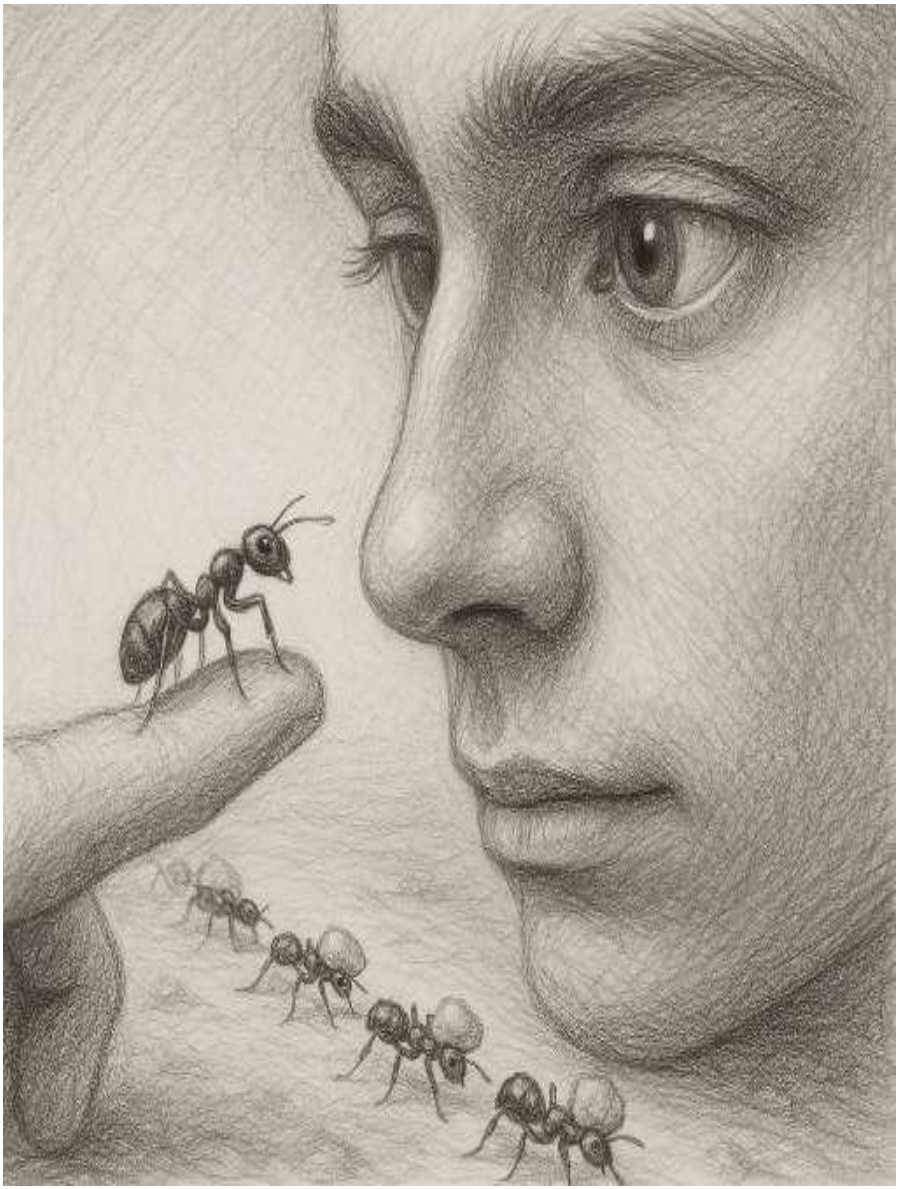
My brother goes to the small house in the middle of the farm, then returns carrying farming tools.
I grab the hoe and begin removing the harmful weeds, while my brother prunes the trees to encourage their growth.
Hours pass quickly as we exchange laughter and recall old memories.
The scent of the soil after watering rises like nature's own breath.
I say to my brother, “I must visit this place regularly, how beautiful it is.” He replies, “The land teaches us patience, and working in it plants hope within us.”
My brother brings three large sacks, and we begin filling them with fresh oranges and lemons.
Leaves scatter around us, and birds begin chirping as they swing between the branches. I look at them and reflect.
After filling the sacks, we place them beside the house, then my brother asks me to prepare some juice for us.
I bring three oranges and one lemon, carefully slice them, then squeeze them into a large container, blending the sweetness of the orange with the tartness of the lemon.
My brother lights a fire over firewood and lets the water boil. He selects two potatoes, washes them well, and places them into the hot water.
He begins chopping the pepper and onion into small pieces, their strong aroma filling the air with each movement of the knife.

And time passes…

Chapter 22: Hadith on Loss and Hope

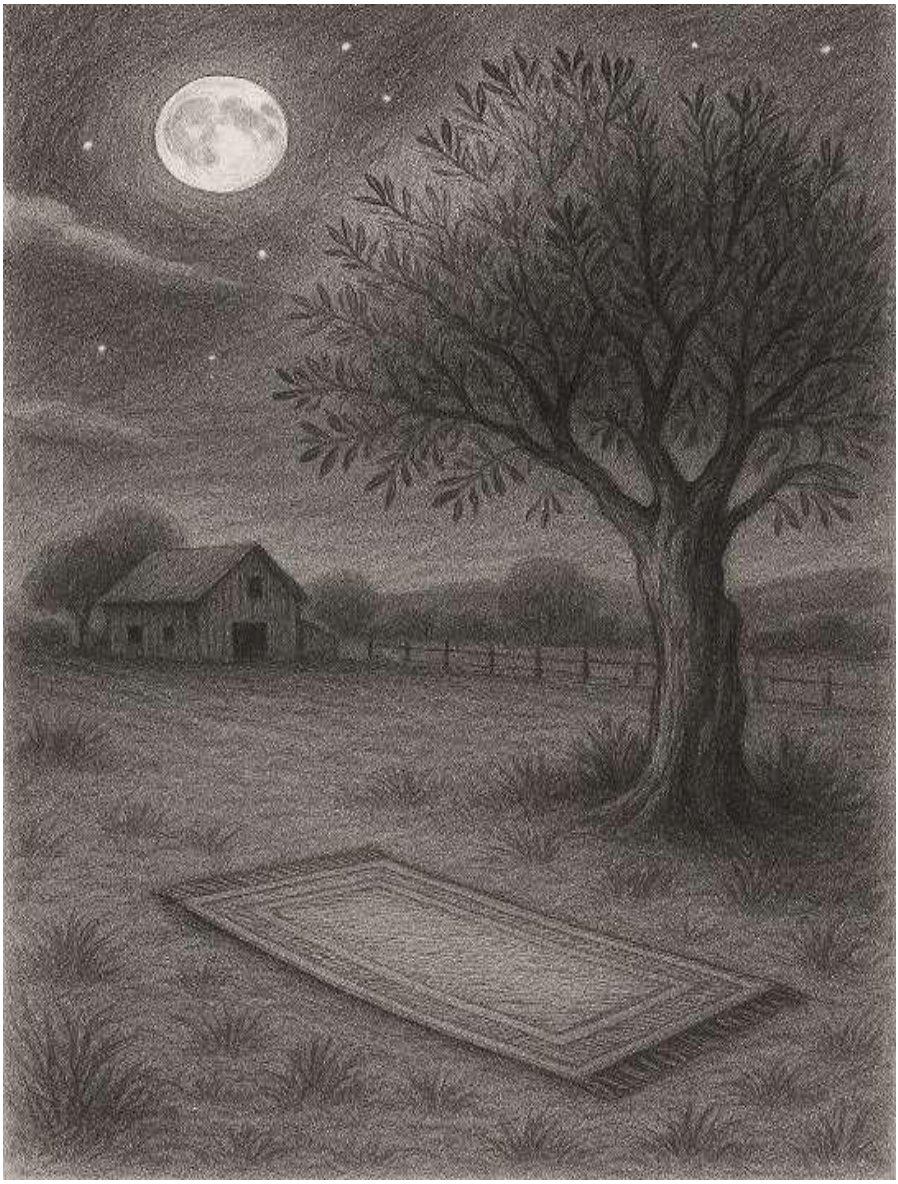
He takes the potatoes out of the water, peels off their skin, then mashes them until smooth.
We sit under the shade of the tree, and in the gentle breeze, we eat our meal in peace and contentment.
The orange and lemon juice quenches our thirst after a long day of work.
After finishing the meal, we clean the area, and my brother takes the dishes to the house to wash them.
My attention is caught by a line of ants marching in order, carrying tiny bits of potato.
I gently stretch out my hand on the ground, and one ant climbs onto my finger. I lift it and gaze at it in contemplation.
The pupil of my eye is larger than its entire body, and yet this tiny creature eats, drinks, works, and reproduces.
How, with such a small size, does it carry within it a complete life? It builds its colonies tirelessly, as if driven by an invisible law.
I gently return the ant to the ground, and it quickly scurries to rejoin its companions… a constant movement, a precise order that knows no chaos.
I wonder to myself: “If this ant has found its way in this vast world, why do I still feel lost on mine?”

And time passes…



The sun sets, and darkness blankets the farm.
The light of the moon and stars begins to shine, casting their glow upon the earth.
My brother carries a mat and spreads it under an olive tree for us to sit on.
Then he says, “We’ll spend the night here on the farm and return to the house in the village tomorrow.”
I reply, “There’s not much time left before I return to school… I’m truly sad, my brother, and I feel I can’t bear it anymore.”
He responds, “You must study, through knowledge, the doors of the future are opened. You’ve spent beautiful days with the family in the city.”
I say pensively, “I don’t mean the studies… What is the future anyway? Haven’t you realized by now that you can’t shape it exactly as you wish? You must think carefully, my brother.”
He replies, “True, you can’t predict the future, but you can build the path that leads to what you desire.”
I add softly, “But what path should I follow? I’ve walked many roads, but all I’ve found in them is confusion and loss.”
My brother smiles and says, “Let me answer you. In autumn, I plant the seeds in the soil. A small plant emerges, braving the cold and harshness of winter.”
“The rains fall and help it endure. Then with the arrival of spring, the plant blossoms and bears fruit, I harvest the result of my labor and patience.”

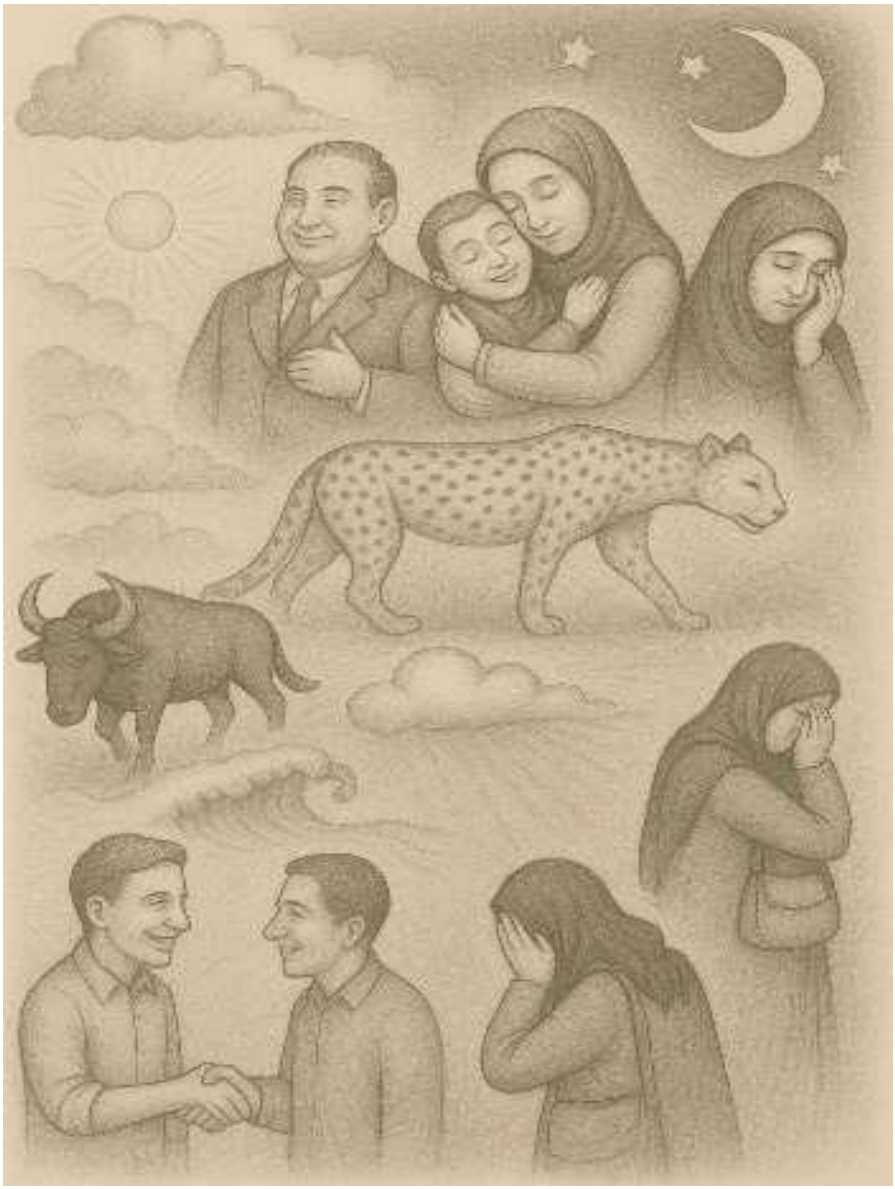
And time passes…



Chapter 23: On the Edge of the Question: Who Are We?

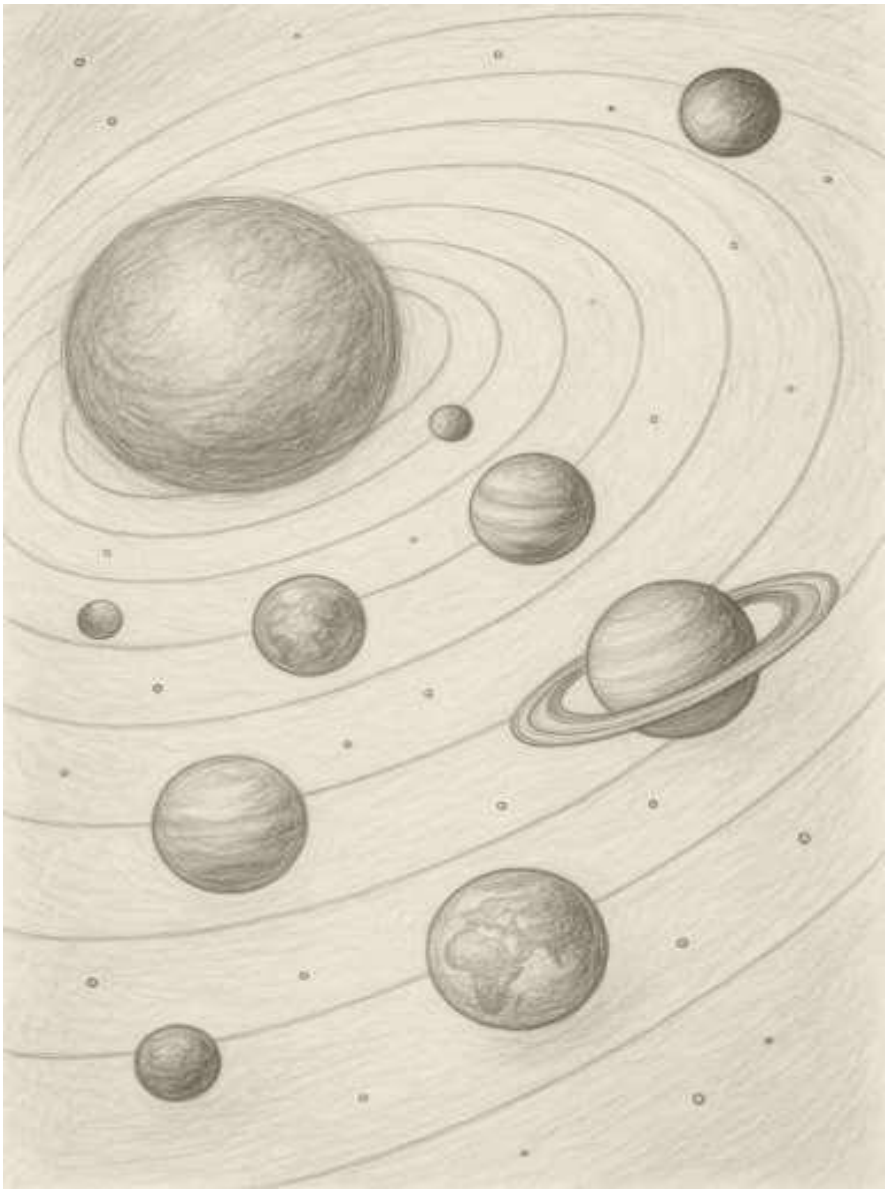
I reply, saying, “No, my brother. Sometimes the seed never breaks through the earth, and the rain may never fall, so we reap no fruit at all.”
I add, “A classmate of mine, his family sold their farm for a meager price, just a handful of coins, because it lay abandoned and barren.”
He responds mockingly, “All this because the holiday is ending? Don’t worry about the outcome as long as you’ve done your part. He who strives, succeeds, and he who plants, harvests!”
I answer him firmly, “It’s not about the holiday. I want to know the path. Not everyone who strives, succeeds. Not everyone who plants, harvests.”
“Look around you, brother,not every farm is green, and not every building rises high.”
“People live in wealth and poverty, in hunger and abundance, in joy and sorrow, in strength and weakness, in union and separation.”
Then I raise my eyes and say, “Look above you, see the sky. The clouds drift, the sun and moon take turns, and day follows night.”
“Day will follow night no matter how long it lingers. Summer will come after winter, no matter how bitter the cold.”
“Animals multiply and prey upon one another. The seas rage, the winds blow, the rain falls.”
“And time passes, and passes, and we pass along with it… It waits for no one, and it never returns.”

And time passes…



I see the sun as a small disc, yet in truth, it is a mighty celestial body vast enough to encompass the Earth and all upon it. Even what the eye sees is not enough to distinguish truth from falsehood.
We live within a precise system, free from chaos or randomness, whether we acknowledge it or not. Truth does not change by belief or denial.
I add firmly, “Who are we? And what is it we must do? Shall we continue wandering blindly?”
He replies, “And what is this truth?”, I answer quickly and with conviction, “The truth is that we are part of this grand design.”
“The path to salvation is to walk it with guidance, so we do not go astray, and so we do not disturb its balance.”
“We must not overlook this truth, for ignoring it leads only to ruin and deep misguidance. We must think, then decide, and then surrender.”
“I now realize that there is One who created us, and created this universe. We must submit to Him, for He knows us better than we know ourselves, and knows what benefits us and what harms us.”
He is the One God, without partner. We obey Him and do not defy Him. We flee to Him, not from Him.
We worship Him so we may live free, free from the traits of beasts. And we must not spread corruption upon His earth, for He is stronger than us and greater than what our minds can ever grasp.”
My brother yawns, fatigue written plainly across his face. He heads to the little house in the center of the farm, and returns holding a book, which he silently hands to me.

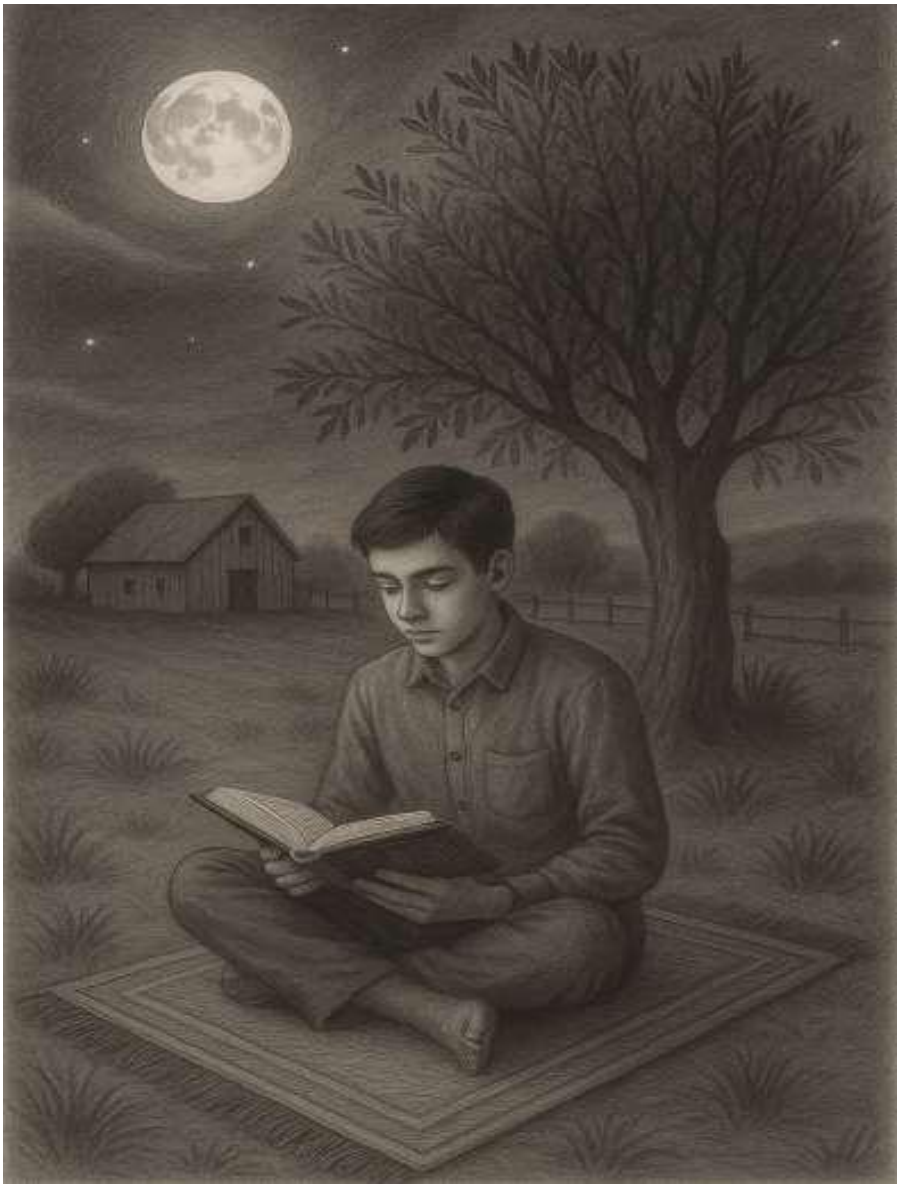
And time passes…



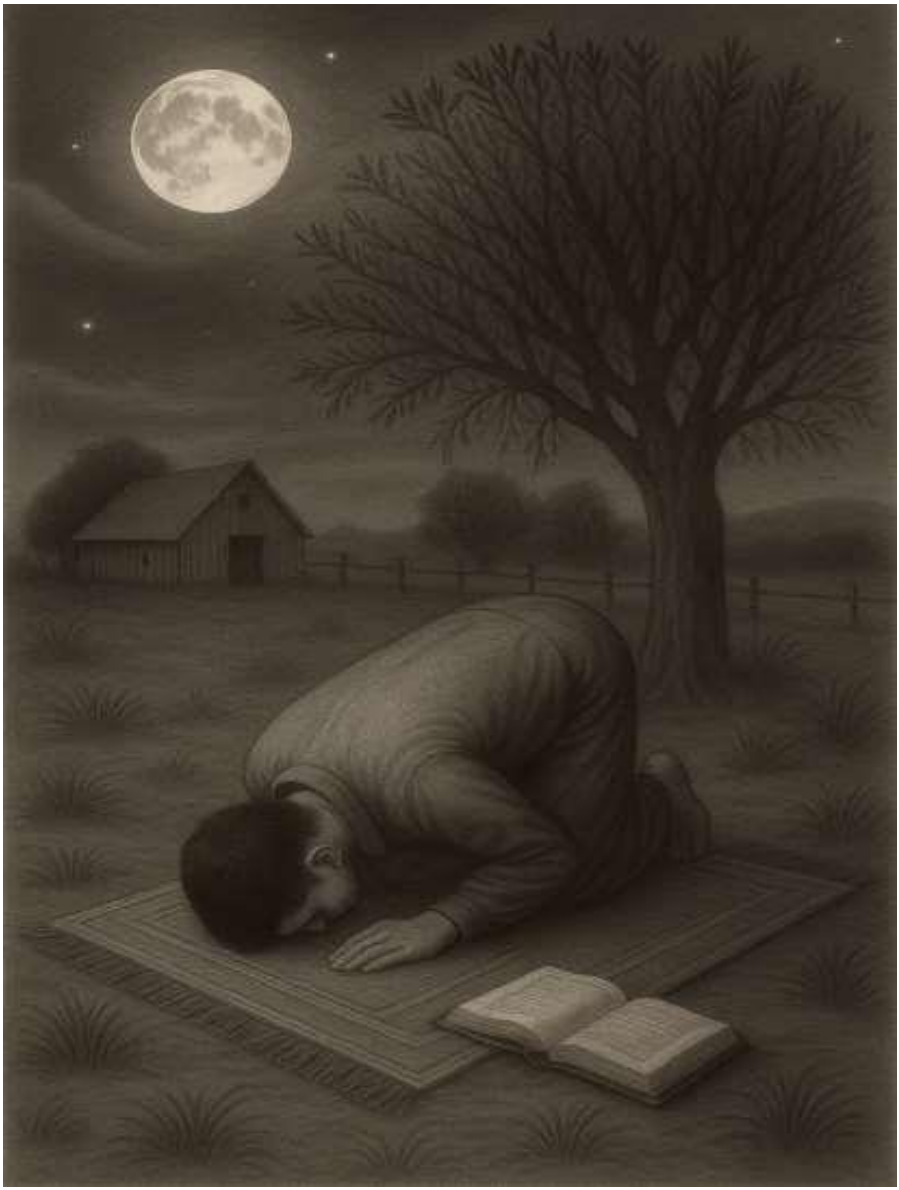
Chapter 24: From Doubt to Certainty

Then he said, “This is the Qur’an… the book you were searching for. It is the word of the One who created us and created this world.”
He continued, walking toward the house, “Thank you for your words. I didn’t expect you to carry such wisdom. I’ll return to sleep now. Good night.”
So I opened the book and began to read. I resolved to complete it in its entirety. It captivated my thoughts, expanded my chest, and brought peace to my heart.
I realized that man lives in a state of continuous worship throughout his life, and that worship falls into three paths: worship of the One True God, or of the self, or of the devil.
I realized that we shall all taste death, for it is the end of this worldly life and the beginning of infinity in the Hereafter.
And I understood that I shall return to my Lord alone, and be held accountable individually. Only a good deed I earned will benefit me; only a sin I committed will harm me.
Whoever feeds the hungry, honors his parents, perfects his work, keeps his promises, speaks the truth, loves good for others, and does all that sincerely for the sake of God,
has indeed performed righteous deeds untainted by falsehood or hypocrisy.
These are the deeds that illuminate our path in this world, that we may be saved in the Hereafter, like a tree that is ever green, bearing fruit in every season; like a moon that has witnessed the ages of Noah, Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Jesus, and Muhammad, peace and blessings be upon them all. Though they have departed from this world, their light remains in the heavens still.

And time passes…

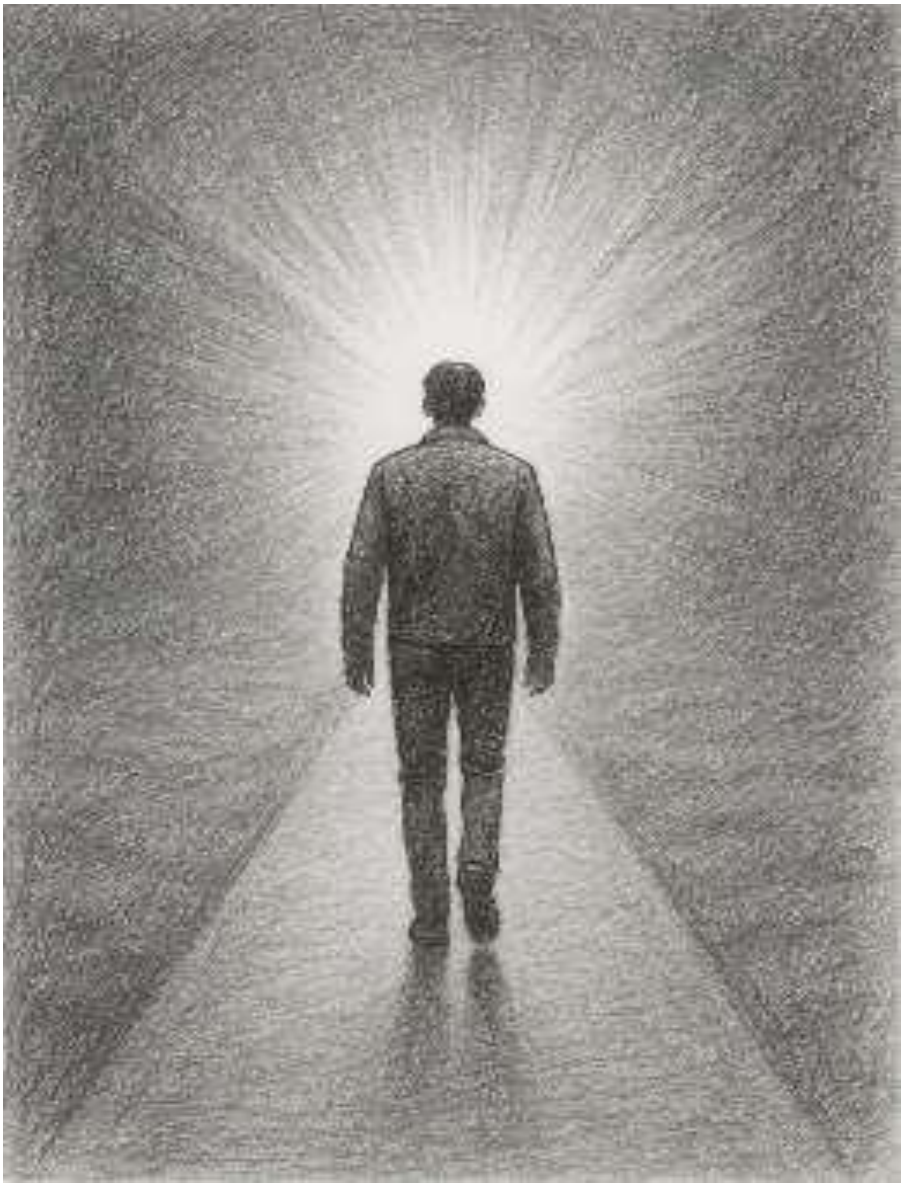


I had long sought to let my soul taste the meaning of freedom, that very freedom the messengers of God strove for, and I found it in the worship of the One who has no partner. Though my heart may not yet dwell in perfect tranquility, I have discovered the reason for my creation, and I am resolved to strive in His path with all that I can bear, even if it demands that the soul depart from the body, As a rebuke to Satan, a discipline for the self, and a light to purify it.
I have confessed my sins, surrendered to Allah, Lord of the worlds, And fell to my knees in prostration before the Creator of the heavens and the earth. And lo! My soul found rest in that prostration, as the body folded in complete humility, for He who created me has fashioned me for His worship. He, the Exalted, said: "So direct your face toward the religion, inclining to truth, the natural way of Allah upon which He has created all people. No change should there be in the creation of Allah. That is the correct religion, but most of the people do not know." (Ar-Rum: 30)
I came to realize that the path of truth is not lined with fragrant roses, that my own soul will never cease to pull me toward its desires, and that my companion from among the jinn will never spare an effort to lead me astray, and will never relent. My skin trembles in fear of what awaits mankind after death, When time ceases to move, and the reckoning begins in the Abode of Truth.
Allah, the Almighty, says: "Indeed, those who disbelieve in Our verses, We will drive them into a Fire. Every time their skins are roasted through, We will replace them with other skins so they may taste the punishment. Truly, Allah is Almighty and Wise."
(An-Nisa: 56)
And time passes…

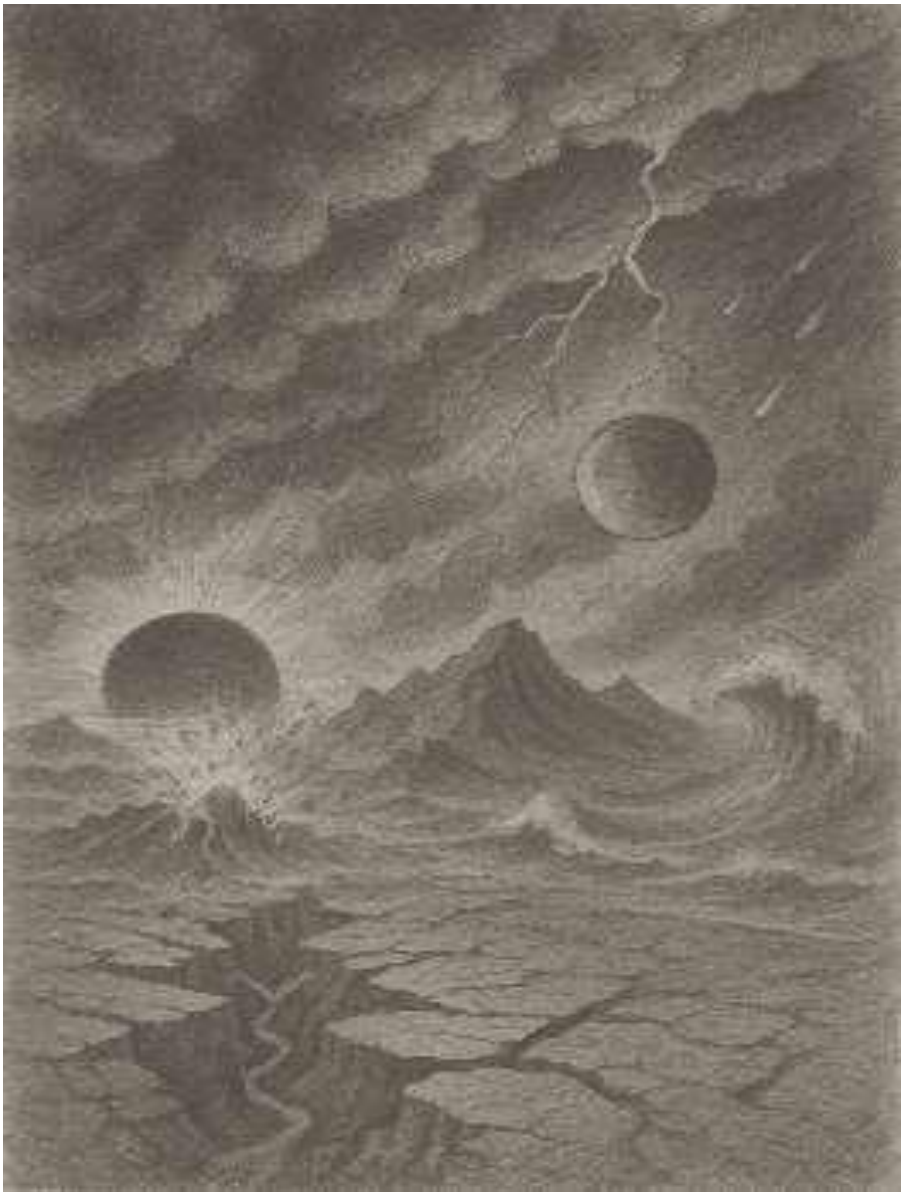


Chapter 25 : I was not created in vain

It is truly terrifying…So awaken, O reader of this Book! You were not created in vain. Have you not yet realized that the years you spent indulging your desires, will never satisfy your soul?
And by pleasing your devil, who has taken hold of you, you ascend the highest ranks of ignorance, extinguishing the light of truth within your heart. Take heed of the Day, the Day when the Most Merciful may appear to you as the Severe in punishment, when the Generous becomes the Avenger, And your limbs will speak, testifying against all you have done. Allah the Exalted says: "And they will say to their skins, 'Why have you testified against us?' They will reply, 'Allah made us speak, the One who gives speech to all things. He created you the first time, and to Him you will be returned.'"
(Surah Fussilat: 21)
Let no temptation veil your heart from your Lord, In an age overflowing with the afflicted like yourself. For if you have found Allah, what have you truly lost? and if you have lost Allah, what have you truly found?. Allah the Most High says: "O children of Adam, do not let Satan tempt you as he expelled your parents from Paradise, stripping them of their garments to expose their shame. Indeed, he and his tribe see you from where you cannot see them. Indeed, We have made the devils allies to those who do not believe."
(Surah Al-A'raf: 27)
So choose your thoughts, O son of your mother. Guard your heart with taqwa. Be patient in your chest, And you shall see your mind align with your reason, and your body will follow. Then the drunkenness of the intellect shall fade, and your innate nature shall awaken and see clearly.
And time passes…



Enough corruption, O mankind!, The fleeting pleasures of this world are but a mirage, and yet, you oppress your own souls, your hearts pulse with disease, you stand aligned with the Great Satan.
This earth is not yours, You do not own even a span of it.
That day will come, by the promise of the Creator, the One who never breaks His Word...
a thick smoke will fill the sky, eclipses will strike the East and West and the heart of Arabia, the sun will rise from the West, mountains will be pulverized, the earth will be shattered, the seas will explode, the moon will darken, the sun will be wrapped up, the stars will fall and scatter, the sky will split and roll away...the horrors will cascade one after another...then, the Hour will be sounded.
Allah the Almighty said: “The Messenger has believed in what was revealed to him from his Lord, and so have the believers. All of them have believed in Allah, His angels, His books, and His messengers, [saying], ‘We make no distinction between any of His messengers.’ And they said, ‘We hear and we obey. [Grant us] Your forgiveness, our Lord. To You is the final destination.’” (Al-Baqarah 2:285)
“Allah does not burden a soul beyond what it can bear. It will have [the consequence of] what [good] it has gained, and it will bear [the consequence of] what [evil] it has earned. Our Lord, do not hold us accountable if we forget or make a mistake. Our Lord, and do not place upon us a burden like that which You placed upon those before us. Our Lord, and do not burden us with that which we have no strength to bear. And pardon us; and forgive us; and have mercy upon us. You are our protector, so give us victory over the disbelieving people.” (Al-Baqarah 2:286)
And time passes…



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